The Waves.

IV.

April 13th 1930 : finished about 29th 1930

Re written

June 17th. 1930 :

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Fleet Street

That even I one day said, walking down Chancery Lane
at the rush hour when the motor omnibuses are clogged,
I could not put this exaltation so that jam in a very
silent place in this uproar, & what I did, I thought so
casual is about to disappear for ever, unless from
all these Flowers, Jenny's, Neville's, Susan's, Rhoda's,
Louis's, I held one flower. Look at this
lilac. Look at the hawthorn. Every year, not only
this year, has worn a garland at its breast.
Multitudinous, carrying all their cares, dodging with
incredible celerity in & out, & buying newspapers, —
Such was the scene before my eyes: I thought it was a
flower in that. I thought it was a miracle. Roaring
like a flame in a tunnel: this troubled life,
there was a roar like the roar roaring like flame in a tunnel.
as they went past me to dribble away, pattering, in holes
holes in the pavements. But they were their garland,
have worn this garland, not only this year under the dark sky
Fleet Street, but every year. The cyclamen has flowered in Lebrun.
under the cedars. A bright rose has burnt bright up
among the Himalayan peaks. Flowers Heatherbeam, under aspen
Ludgate Hill, is boxed, as the beats of clerks' hysterics
How many colours, in the — pale down Fleet Street.
I who had seen so many kinds of love — lost track
changeover, fainting, & as one might buy flowers —
jonquils, tulips, hair cuts & the rest — I saw one
pastels many forbidden blazes, one row. I put my
a face, I crossed the street, dived down in holes dark
passage, to the shop where they cut my hair.
I leant my head back, swathed in a sheet, & when
I saw the man lifting to him his hazel with the
scissors, regularly, with a motion that reminded me of

some rough

among the lambs or daffodils.

like the speed

In the moments of pleasure, in the throes of jubilation,

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of the gardeners with twig brooms. [There were a few reflections;
working planes have an extraordinary fascination. They show one
the other side of life.] I felt helpless, like a flower among
big scythes. Bows are cut: I laid in heather, I read.
by the journeying my big scythes. And there were working
planes, fascinating to the imagination, because they
would see the help of an errand boy in the street. I could see a
dog hound, in its eyelet come, way. And I could imagine the talk
that was going on between two clerks. or suddenly it seemed like
that the hard wood grain chair arms had become soft;
so that I understood (why the frightened Rhoda.)
the thanks There is nothing between us & the flames. I said.
The thanks There is all a show which reflects nothing.
Over pebbles (They still gleamed when my head leaned
as: drawn curtains. He was now shaving my chin.
I had the sense of being at the man's mercy. Then I held a
long dialogue with Rhoda (about life in the way that
Come closer to two friends & understand them) about life.
coming close to her & understanding her better than I ever did in
the flesh, as is common enough; because at last
had the vacation for a moment of vanishing, talking;
And then we spoke Rhoda. I had never held that moment
been so close to him, for I had never understood a flash
why the thumb behind bulbs tapes a pattern grey when the
pommades. & The chair might sink into the abyss;
The is all a show which reflects nothing. We are at
the mercy of vision. We are at
just indeed. No (Was that true, understand me
how do you think I understood anything about life?
Certainly that was not true. (Was that friendship grown me record)
Can I justified in taking a shortcut what interpretation should I put on it?
Have I any the certainty that a mathematician has
when his Calculation works out, & the distant
appears, right & the fraction a decimal? I am
sometimes inclined to shake — the wand of the hairdresser —

In the train
first to
Wells.

6

1.a.

upon a feather'd but Lily almost wither'd

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as a forever Mothers or Fat; and Will I see the river in Whats
bearing garlands; & they, when I walk through London in the Spring, I no
look at the Lilac: look at the hawthorn, remembering how
my friends loved, & the were cut down by that handsome in a
dark alley.

You know the willow tree? It puts forth shoots: the little fingers
Even flow; it seems to wave & expand & fall to the ground in
a thousand sometimes: when I am able, in a moment of
Comprehension, Rather, Rhoda loved: Rhoda feared. It flows then,
& seems to be I then seem to have achieved my Master-spe-
judging from the relief with which I let my handsome Mythes
do their work. To people the mythic is much more important
to understand than to lay down laws.

It will let us fall, she must have said, into the flames.
For are those who cut my roses, she must have said,
as she came towards us thinking behind pillar boxes & Trees.
Then Thus Heather suddenly understand our friends
Then chairs, among all those reflections, were ashes, & those
Tensions were sighs Scythes, & fingers, flaked like a
Chrysalis, they have. Yes, we can for a moments
penetrate the night which thick walk with a ray of
understanding, & breathe in & out with some other, some
Terrified, some startled soul, most often when we are
far away, & only a telegram could reach them, with
such they are dead hushed, & then only for one
& Ordinary second, when the intelligible wounds;
instantly ended, in my case, by the absurd. I wrench the
Forgotten stone. I am not a mystic. Something catches my
Eye; an Sheer curiously about the unknowable. I ask the
hairdresser some question; for That is what unlocks me
Continued: they would probably respond. I told her that
For the experience had been for a other Martha.
dialogue with Rhoda, with the Startled Eye.
her movements swift yet clumsy movements,

penetrated

I shan't be
upstairs.

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walking back into the strand, feeling very spruce; with that
sharpened sense that comes from encounter with the world;
Under the sense that comes in spite of hanging something upon the
tree. (We are much under the influence of visual
impressions; & that willow tree has often re-appeared in
moments of excitement & exhilaration, when the real sight
would have been rest, big love, or anger, or some kindred
such as this; then I have watched it start; & its
weeping form, with thready pliable falling branches
but very intricate, often edged in fine or canary yellow,
not as a bird's last feathers, has, I am convinced, given
given to my life the stability which religion or art has
given to other lives:) I have & the chair & ashes, & beneath are
flames. Note that. I then woke in the strand. The
Coke & the hawthorn leaves are gathered, are withered;)

For my creation.

I continued my dialogue, admonishing her, chiding her
gently like a brother, for the hard welcome to me the
victim for whom she would go through fire & water & death
I said to her. Look, & see, these men are your brothers;
these are not men but evil spirits. Them. They are timid
respectable little fellows; they are not knights in armour,
& Yet, I for we cannot persuade another soul, the deepest, & I
but, as we cannot persuade another soul, as we is
ultimately enclosed within our own soul, from the vaults.-
I marked my dialogue with, working over words
pressing my writing desk, my hair newly cut, observing
with waked eyes & ah these pegs & legends & hooks
pegs, & wash chairs; ash these pegs & legends &
imported foreign goods which are sold, by
for a penny each; & above, brooding like a pejantic
her. sheltering a myriad broods under her bell-coats,
Not the St Paul's, with a stream of motor
omnibuses, & a throb of men - women, for seven the
week hours.

Draw her something ridiculous
about her head.

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Now mysterious the contact is ground with mind, I said; how what
how very difficultly expressive our loves, our friendships, & this which
that we call life. Yet this power is a dream: there begins
facts are bubbles. So Rhoda must have felt: so I felt,
[illegible] in my friend's mind; thinking that we are facets in
a magical flashing globe, each mind reeing the mind,
many facets, each facet a mind, flashing its own million eyes
upon the spectacle.

I thought how Louis Hugh, as I mounted the steps of St Pauls,
would mount there step with a Man angular & somehow
detached gait; each many separately, in his neat dust coat with his
Cane & in his hand. No Englishman would fly to
imitate Pope. But with his Australian accent,
he would bow Come down ceremonies with much greater detachment
than I do, who have heard these do
lullabies for a thousand years. I am always
influenced by the rubbed noses, & polished braces,
& the flattery & the Chanting & the way one hand
goes reverberating round & round the dome like a
lost & wailing dove. The clumbency & the heaven
of the dead influ Pushes me; & also very often the World &
Man's own absurdity of dome tomb with Numbers, age,
wreaths. Skulls & Coats of arms. Then my eye, suddenly
influenced even pushes me notice a dome arm-stretcher child,
Pope & fumbling pensioner, & the obsequies of
tired shop folk, consumed with heaven knows what
stupefaction there here Then better hearts; Paltry griefs, knees,
Pushes them Then the starry whirling light veers, while
Then they the starry whirling light veers,
The lost doves are wailing, & then a
The organ has a momentary Elephantine Triumph.
How many impressions, memories, associations & But
Bad I Contrast. down on the lamentable tide of my
a million memories.

Louis was regularly regal. He had not

warriors at rest; & the old battles; names;

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planted his incalculables: He was not a gregarious man. He walked
He prayed. His long hands closed themselves, as the nodes of a
Jack close themselves with slow aspects of power, compressing
powerfully his enormous tumultuous wealth. Did he attain
peace when they had come together!
& unconciliatory room, bare. There were three books
on the shelves, & a razor-cloth for a cat, & his
[illegible] — maps & dictionaries; & reports of
speeches & documents, all [illegible] (for he is an
admirable orator).
Weeping his bald head over the printed terrors,
China, new India, wonderfully instructed in their past,
acquainted with legend; & then turned his eye to Europe: he
[illegible] languages: Greek was merely another
Greek literature as one of the
to the thickly plaited strand of all that has been said
there may ever be said. The Egyptian, the Indian,
big men with high cheek bones, & Voltaire's in his hands
And now he would like to rest on all in, would he?
he would open to And then, by no means absorbing
homely from a the hardest task, he went to the
strand (Lucretius) to his cabin home, &
Considered how mixed with these bitter men in
fast coats, whom he [illegible] idolized, became he feared,
them: & there, with his heart pressed on the cloth flap, he
procured to his straight lines — for this intensely
various rapular unhandsome, tumultuous type [illegible] in
which redness a a [illegible] unh. [illegible]!
But even for the sake of those cardinal virtues that
Rhoda came to him, no doubt. And I suppose that the
turbulent & tenderest things that have been said in the
said to him, when his top room, [illegible] were
had flown a couple of daffodils flowered on the window-boy:
when the kettle boiled over; when there tortured, a haunted
by a thousand fears & shoots, & a tense pale the woman
& rain [illegible] lowered themselves and a cup of tea

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& those two, tortured, distracted, often acutely suffering human beings, made themselves a cup of tea. How lovely is the privacy of those to whom the World has given so much Pain. But to gather us together — no, not under one roof.

"About this time he married & bought a home" — ~~that is in the biographic style~~. "His friends observed in him a growing tendency to domesticity" "~~& his income was increased by the death of his father, a~~ "~~many~~ ~~person~~ necessary that he should augment his income" "Thirty ~~the biographer says~~ ~~to himself~~ ~~as a matter of course~~. would be said as a matter of course, if anyone were to write a life of me. And how can we do without those phrases, seeing that we wear waistcoats, & hitch up our trousers with braces, & ~~sign our letters~~ begin our letters Dear Sir, & sign them "yours faithfully" or sincerely as the case may be? How ~~things can be done instantly~~ we manage & even decently but beautifully. Even beautifully devices; peacock without which life would be even more than this, a litter of nursery rhymes, & Pillicock sat on pillicock hill ... The Queen was in her parlour eating bread & honey ... & fragments of ~~half remembered songs~~, & ~~scraps from~~ ~~a~~ fragment of half remembered song, & left no more trace, taken up no more, & the ingress & Come away death, Come away, sweet love Let us not speak the task of this ~~fragile~~ world — ~~I have a love & his face.~~ It gave his breath was a shake — upon the top & that nuance the clasp. with reference to Jones & the 10th hut. & costume O world O death & time, & so on, shall be ~~kept~~ delegated to dust .. & then, alone in the cold grave, unknown as company. This

The biographer

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This the contrast & the effort & the struggle: this is the perpetual warfare: this the [illegible] Shock & collision: & this
[illegible] incessant shattering & fusing together: & the act of
Chaos & order [illegible]; & then Chaos making order: & then letting
Chaos rule again: this is the alarming fact: so that [illegible]
Eugene talks about on the Seine; or on the street: And then. Now
excuse me, I must sit through breakfast with my work. Nay
no more than Paris ... or Love ... or again Nay,
or one might say Rude & [illegible] Barbaric Eyes,
[illegible] Still the mystery; again, For those who have
returned the third & the age the is not elegant that. But one
of those people who dream every night. A dream with last
cold night breakfast ... night one has been chary & rude. Or
one has been seen that starry heath again; & the lady & the
gentleman in the Gig. Then the [illegible] She is wanted on the
telephone. [The ideal, to which we aspire, is] My association
differs from it I like telephone. But both how
[illegible] has my being is thrown & divided: yet with
magnificent volatility [illegible] at once proceeds to
assimilate the telephone, [illegible] Ideal Centering, as I hurl back.
the receiver, a another rather, a more complicated. [illegible]
In a church or cell, a more difficult life.
(A woman has far to go to the telephone) Then again, Isabella
Jack Horner sat in a corner, eating his Sunday bun, or
Hark hark the dogs do bark, the beggars are
Coming to town. Like the cheerful surround
this cheerful sunset, childish, nonsensical is the music
Marsh to which one marches to the Tube. Old Mother
Hubbard went to the cupboard, to get her poor dog —
And now Lo, There is a dog; a real dog, & [illegible]
[illegible] Is it more
Nervous music would be as in expression as a white sheet; &
the voice of the [illegible] when the parts were one that suit.

mighty chaos
sweep, when on
Arabesque:

cyclic change.

(cyclic rd.
(Everyday rd)

where I am
called upon for
instant decision:
& to be one
person in
fourteen

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how take the ordinary man woman in good health,
a fine black retriever.)

Now take the ordinary man or woman in good health;
to whom life is ~~whose chief~~ still turning up new treasures
every day; who is interesting new parcels in the great bran tub;
who would find something pleasant waiting for him at home;—
There is no doubt that for him the charm of hairdressers arm chair
& hard wood, pleasant to the touch & the air is always
are made pleasant, whether hot or cold; after eating, sleeping; love making;
(I am talking of the usual pleasures, not love making):
& hot walk. Exercise; even the tiredness of the Hand; or
in the Country, a Cock cock-a-doodle-doo in a yard
fowl, galloping round a paddock. Life is pleasant.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, succeed each other, Each repeating the
same spread over the same little ~~pleasant~~ well lighted
regular life ~~through the body~~ Each ~~day~~ ~~Heavy~~
repeating it the same orderly ~~rhythmical~~ pleasantness
rhythm; one pulse beating a little quicker, with a
sharp cold thrill, another slowing it down perhaps a
little elastically. So the days flow: like the rings of a tree.
So that orderly ~~what is painful~~ can be painful. Pain,
& interruption ~~pain~~ ~~can be~~ destroys its sediment, while we
feel it. It is destroyed on the great plant of life what
blows in from all quarters violently, becomes
much more robust.
enamelled neck chain, & then was a
became a particular man. Running my pants, day by day, in the
on one hand a darker way over the grass;
boots were worn down a little on the left side.
certain re-arrangement with plane of Name into a room.
People moved away To the Bernard.
Bernard was a great, an almost an alleged substitute this.
(I am talking of the ordinary day)

To the Dentley Becomes robust.

Pleasant.

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wrestled in dale-arms, infantile laughter rose, leaping
mingling rhythms, & dance-old ballads.
We were not happy: but must make time seem happy.
Dearer gold ballads: but there was darkness, not only of the eastern
London-globe, but of its Mind of Globe
Very Real, big hearted Jake was dear ge.- but being
also a Brave, & very developed Body of muscle, nerve,
intestine, blood-vessel, about, but yet fuzzy in a
word ~~about kept it subdued into~~ rich in
all words & loved Mark kept it firmly & rhythmically.
Especially, Hugh January in spite of Yorkshire, Hugh all
the dreams the year in Hugh long summer days —
the knuckles of winter ~~London hands & Cockney~~
~~in January~~ but always with a ~~dark~~
Hugh's closes
expanding
Especially
Mark
intense hum of Jake's voice & glowing
assurance, as the hard & bubble bath of faith
were taken into the service & the whole boy rested to
him with a kind of almost content.
rested in
Eyed
How fortunate in the type of little shopkeeper I would
day to myself. as the dream drew Hugh the intruder & all
their lamps were ~~punctually~~ lit. ~~And then~~
~~busy a discovery,~~ I ~~would~~ stood at the window, ~~watching~~ watching
~~watching old Mr Jay rich, pride, beautiful~~ workmen,
watching people pass. ~~I am talking of Dickens~~ still.
Everyone as a swan & ants Jewel.
~~People~~ our rooms ~~must~~ me ~~be~~ he lays unevenly ~~flowered~~
We had everything we wanted. (We might be
Jenny out that night — or staying at home. When our
books upon, our table cloth, our silver & worn
plums, — all the usual things — ~~that bright coated wheels~~
And some ~~nonsense~~ small enamel lamp upon up,
seemed ~~impervious~~ to darkness into a little ~~puddle~~ fire
Enormous stability of our life. A ~~simple~~ faith
perfectly true the boy ~~must~~ not a cage.
And ~~And~~ although it was a ~~balmy~~ night,

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ance of the first of Spring, I saw, having made up the fire and
looking out the window, upon that familiar but ever fit
unmarched prospect, of roofs, & Sky, with the large
proceeding storm light drifting Cloud over the
pale spring stars, that we need not indulge in heroics.
meant. the pattern of life is already laid: we need not
whip ourselves into poetry. And my busy whole
heart likened to the Cock of some ancient spire seemed
then to respond into such width that
I got to rest again as calmly. So we went to bed.
Of course for Time whatever come. I vowed like to
bury over this present night dead dead. this,
For that night the sky Clear & dark like the inside of a stone,
I had Heaven be praised, we need not whip this poem
into poetry. For the Magic
Reasonableness, & the of the present, & its serenity, & its
Clarity seemed to give my dead hopes, to set me I sent
me to offer no impediment, to let me to let my
Expand my self in pure serene circles which went to the
End of Space.

Into this very night dry like some tinkling
Thunderpost, pre posterous & hurtling all hideous
Spirit monstrous & shapeless, rushed hideous & loud as
iron cracked dead. The breakfast table was
smashed flat. Perceval dead, crimson the tablecloth cup, in
Crude butter & chemin. (The stopped gramophone cut coffee.
Shatter the Jew upon who dare pray to unfold Gimpletts
Jews. I thought. before I told it. The round blind,
innocent, unashamedly deluded a had been —a
mere child; a fool; a fool, a I had been, standing to this
& the serenity of the wind, standing at the window on the
stairs Down Came the thunderbolt. Crash. the
Cataract under at the brink of death Under she had not known
him: I then cursed Perceval for being such a fool. I

Loving the Earth star.

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When I saw the first morning that he would never see. And
Francis seemed ~~unnaturally~~ unreal like a fragment.
The sparrows seemed like toys designed on steps by a child.
It seemed to me that ~~death was~~ always came ~~to~~ would kill
Giants & children. And I saw the handkerchief over his
head & all the things. And I wondered that people did not make
some sort of sign. ~~And~~ I saw him with immense serenity
& shameless dignity walk the street. Fearing lest what I feld
should be taken) went to the National Gallery. I there
~~suggested Jesus resemblance of~~ was confusion & pain between a
beauty: unbroken, unspoilt, lovely, & real & the world that
I saw: I left that very strength, remembering his beauty; but ashes
at last. Something reminded me of what we used to laugh at.
Crashing hat over my eyes, I fled to Jenny, & ~~demanded~~
Cuspend, robbing. That I had not gone to Hampstead Court
one afternoon five years ago. And as I reflected,
Cathy up and big ash and I was aware of the afternoon
Celine. Remember ~~I~~ make them, touch him; & sleep - &
Eliz his so that I could touch him; yet there was Complete
Celine. ~~Eyes babes look all were fine. Nobody~~
would we ~~a beau them~~ again: we might ask him, photo him:
She would never see him again. Worse: Eyes dead then we,
Then. I thought Cathy at Jenny, who sat staring, remembering
Other things:

We were gloom interrupted by a note, which the head
to carpet, & on the back he then I felt new the first
least fall on her face: the things he had not could not share, new
Cover her face like dead leaves; & ~~after~~ a year, one would
~~Look~~ find it covered with lilies. ~~She would~~ his legend
He would remain young; but ~~I did not want him to~~
I wanted him to grow old with me. & to love his hair, & to be
incalculable, & to know ~~the~~ his profession, to watch the
earthworm, & to change & grow, & to listen, & to
have his beauty lit & altered, & come to sleep with-
Change & be lost; for I feared change. And change,
I could only come year after year to the three lilies,
Flowing, particular, from youth & death & beauty; &
Silences would come between us;

Change, and
halfway ash
ones

unrecognisable
unchecked
ready lies.

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jumpsey up. I said to Jenny, I must be off now,
& she, who had come to the same conclusion, as the way her
~~with her indomitable courage~~, her old pagan ways,
flowers & her red-tinged finger nails, understood me,
gave her little body a flick with the whip & a fine dew sky
Sea-stained, red-eyed, waved to me ~~from~~ a high hand
~~Downstep as I determined not to~~ I would not be off to the
Office No other shoes flower than these. More
resolute, more punctual, more ~~frugal~~ cheerful, more composed,—
I ~~had~~ death in the heart. ~~If~~ If you choose to inhabit a
cheap car, & knock over a child in the street, do by all
means. ~~If you~~ Swear on off with a policeman.
Come crashing among the loveliest lilies like a
hippo & crow contentedly: but do not expect me to stop &
fan the fetid air about you. Yet they would come again
& again night, in dream after dream:

: if also, ~~instead of underlining as you are~~ you rather
~~Old dress~~ unpleasant, ~~toothbrushless, savage, retarded deformed~~,
women with nothing to hang on the leaden. Nothing
Coalscuttle, produced by plastic ~~flies~~ flies, & helped towards the
Dorothy, by obsequious servants, to ~~have~~ have—
~~you~~ you are no more than a brute. Your eyes are
vacuous. ~~Your~~ you are loud and ~~eye~~ like lips

~~Yet~~ But night after night in dream after dream
or worse ~~stood~~, with my eyes open, ~~I was~~ after this day had
been so energetic & so busy with this & that &
so defiant & so silent against any assault against this
~~wretched~~ brute, I was ~~made~~ to work into a
~~walking~~ with all kinds of ghosts: with the ordinary forms
~~regrets (Had bored him more than I feared)~~
Remorseless phantoms, creeping "You shall never meet again."
upon a dead body with hunger & heat & men
weary face in hopelessness: ~~to~~ to ~~them~~ belief:
far worse, the vanishing time, ~~as~~ the wheel ~~turned~~
from ~~me from behind~~ Jenny & beauty me on:

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old men

stupid

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& other phantoms, women with hot blue eyes & serpentine hair, 29
always implacable: & I was pierced in my bed; & I
heard ~~con~~ agony in all the sounds of the night — people
groaning on death beds — remorselessly killed by random
powers: ~~at~~ ~~Terribly aside the curtain, & they; & really~~ they
at their parting. mutilations & senseless suffering ~~as~~ ~~was~~ was lay under
~~that which under~~ a light strewing of earth & a few ~~decent~~
decencies: what cliffs I mounted & fell down. & tried
to disperse by violent exercise of the body by day!
~~And~~ The body triumphs always. the eating, sleeping body.
We are attached to animals, who grunt & prowl & run
of the hot meat on a cold day, & lick up gravy. &
savour across soft ~~claret~~ geraniums like lizards; &
curls differently scented leaves, on its tongue: claret, port, hock, old
brandy.

~~And~~ One day that summer I went to Lincolnshire where
Susan lived, having married ~~the neighbouring farmer.~~ [margin: a man & a father, & a farmer;]
There were yew hedges, clipped like peacocks; & flowers
growing in borders. She came down the terrace
with the swaying movement of a woman with child;
~~like the~~ with the lazy movement of a half filled sail; &
we sat in ~~deck chairs~~ ~~on the~~ ~~in the shade~~ & talked of Percival.
~~all~~ three apples were glued ~~I thought~~: & the pears & the plums; or
~~they will be carefully netted from birds: the peaches will be~~
~~pinned up in bags~~: there was swelling. there was
increase all round: ~~in the meadows~~ the carts were
dripping with hay: & creaking up the sunny lane: And
the donkey brayed: & there was the usual gabble & [margin: over the hedge]
chatter of geese & it all seemed so senseless. ~~The lilting drops of joy~~; &
~~There was the heady~~ everywhere.
& Susan was at it like the rest. all her
She had always wanted to have children. & that her
children should have children. But why should
one want to have children? The gardener was
Every root he lifted was
turning up potatoes.

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weighted with heavy potatoes. It She had just nets
over the fruit. Why do you want prunes? I asked her;
~~It sound to me~~ that any type was better than that; to be
heavy, and cost more smaller, as a dust now:
I thought of Rhoda they had an art to sea. Meanwhile
the dinning went round: a the bucket was drawn up; ✓
the church clock were very soon to strike: &
pulling her skirts, which were flowery, purple, & ~~pearled~~
as they trailed over the grass sometimes Carpets happi
the ~~dear~~ hem, Jinny showed me where they had
Cucumber. & to market, & how the vine that had been
long killed by the frost was pushing a leaf or two; would
bear grapes. The very ~~blood~~ Veneline = ~~The second~~, & the
unfortunate women grey dreams; & remorseless,
redupliccating children, & ~~some~~ how we be new Jacs, &
new baths, & clothes, & Weddings & not to do the
just to do that; & more children.
I left her among her swelling apples, her frosted nets
with the work flying through the elastic. ~~soft by~~ changing not the air
~~And~~ on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday — they began turning
that hot summer. Each ~~day~~ came up in the ~~meadow~~ had to be
~~had~~ down. I cannot remember any particular Salvation:
I can only remember small undigested ~~impressions~~
rather bored incidents: like many a train, ~~or finding~~
some silly ~~to~~ quarrel. Between hot, ~~heavy~~ clouds;
~~it~~ was fine. Then there were an East wind.
Monday Tuesday Wednesday. ~~to~~ breakfast. Endless dinner;
~~Chatter tea~~: Each depositing ~~by~~ some ~~perfectly~~ terrible ~~or~~
~~afterwards~~ ~~something~~ unavoidable catastrophe on the tile;
~~was~~ made the week ~~was~~ then ~~by~~ the mouth ~~or~~ ~~was~~ not ~~to~~ open
~~the~~ ~~stone~~ as ~~dessert~~ daily life. like Rhoda; or make start
whisper. I creep in my naked track. like Louis.
I ~~always~~ that such ~~things~~ ~~must be~~; Jane ~~was~~
not a poet, not a novelist. I can not ~~never~~ explain
these innumerable little grains & lend in each some facet of
~~beauty~~ or of intent, or amusement. I began to write

Long my skirts

wh. make us
- dey understand
each other
Each hand of the
the command of the

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to theatres and, books in fun, etc. writing or
to make pleasure in confidential company. The hours I have
spent in both combined have been enough to build a battleship-
found a colony. But my little boats always me dear:
I have all- said no words behind me.

I had drawn
Rhoda volumes
of

Now to speak that I went, X He had finished
breakfast; & we went from the kitchen room to the bathroom; &
from the bathroom to the kitchen: he also found ourselves in an
obscure street in Who. Between times Bertie came back for
tea; & (He had known me when I was Peyton: he had
known me as the ~~young man~~ in Meredith & the young man in
Henry James) And indeed I was those them. I have lived
very largely an imaginary, ~~existence~~ life; not like
Rhoda reading books; but seeking to identify myself,
with the heroes admired, like Peyton; or adopting as
~~the expression~~ largely some ~~had~~ in figure in a novel:
I have not found myself in Dickens; ~~but~~ or in Hotchkiss: but
I have found myself over & over again in the ~~young~~ man ~~who lived~~; in
~~the introduction / for Rhoda~~; in ~~the~~ ~~I have been~~
in Trendhal, in Meredith, in Henry James, in Jeffers.
I have been a part many different people. (Hence my
weakness as a critic) I can therefore talk endlessly
about books, as if I had lived in them.

My idea

I know that
particular avenue, from Shuttleware to Tennyson,
as I was the Tolleham Court Road. I can feel myself in
the dark wood some figure of minor importance. I must have
risen the turf here round Montague, a Peter Pelegy.
Unfortunately I have no method, & indeed Jane
simply one of those people for who can no more help
reading than they can help pulling out the old hairs
on a dogs coat. You can influence Rabelais action:
I ~~to write in the best~~ outer book of I have to wait in a
queue. or if I cannot sleep. I feel, knowingly, alongside
Trollope a leg in the middle of volume three.
I add & I add, carefully, day by day, to this
Edifice - (I called them avenue) accumulation. This

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immense Conglomeration. I sometimes ~~that may be a think~~
break off when but - ~~then~~ Dinner, a hen by Herman
or the one may be. - hen a look at them - The Nine are
moments when I'm a book with Seven out on the drawers like -
Chips + letters but abt. , I have eleven, ~~and~~ my Souvenirs: I make drawing
Nine I detest. for no good reason.

Do we ~~talked about~~ talk then; when looking for
Some cds having come to-
fourteen ~~which~~ led to the ~~bookcase~~ we had down. Infinites,
Thirty volumes: or I stopped, with my hand on volume ten. -
Or we talk when are those Shakespeare that are ~~torn~~ now
terrible fine texts, when ~~some~~ fine texts, how ~~there~~ - or
Chapt. Bach, Unintelligible, had you not been ~~struck for~~
found for ~~the~~ many pen, & it when book, leaving a little wherein is
Curiously ~~cubit~~. ~~I want before~~ ~~Go one side~~
A perfectly neat desk, a curtain-pulled Magnet,
: habit Knife Everyday some French volume - that were the
impeccable arrangement; There was freedom: There was
Ease. There was that from the worldly matter of
what he blesses those who have been peaceful men
of affairs to call (I do not question their Justice) real life.
I shrank with Satisfaction on the heathenism of my age
from. I cannot help thinking that Milton
would have approved some of our intelligent criticism.
I daresay that Pope would have pounded hard to meet
some of his strictures. ~~But~~ on the whole,
I've should have been allowed in, finite Confidence, above of them
for Thereby ~~when~~ what work our Summers admirable for
& our repetition, but not servile, admirable.
But you know how tediously one hears a clock tick.

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her & who had been immersed in each other ~~were fast asleep~~.
now become cautious again & external, would. His fainted.
~~Harold~~ ~~And~~. Neville was thinking of time ~~Mechanical, time~~
in the mind, of ~~time~~ ~~divided~~ of undivided time, suddenly changed his
measure Medium, & began to ~~thunk~~ as I watched him, not ~~of~~ that
hard face where Shakespeare is only ~~separated~~ by from
Shelley by ~~that moment~~ an flash of the mind, but
by that other clock which marks the approach of long hours
meetings. engagements. He was ~~thinking~~ by ~~a particular~~ sound
He had ~~exchanged~~ ~~door~~ knock on the door. the ~~voices~~
~~changed~~ ~~the lamp of drowsy maid, hair~~ the
circumference of her mind, & was ~~was~~ with it deeply it
& Comfort. & become apprehensive with all those ~~Deities~~
door Angelus & He was again ~~between~~ & wary, like the
hawk, who after a meal rest, again ~~keeps~~ his ~~gaze~~
on his back & head cautiously though the jungle with ~~his~~
Every sense alert. I ~~watched him~~ ~~listening~~, & noted the
noted him with sympathy & curiosity. He wanted only one thing
in the world - the presence ~~of~~ ~~beside~~ ~~him~~ of one person. From
the ~~moment~~ of mankind he had chosen one; was
Content with one; - ~~how Happy~~! When ever he would
search all his curious knowledge; ~~to~~ for hours Content
to watch Change; ~~to~~ ~~daily~~ pleasure; to quarrel; to be
reconciled; to ~~the~~ clock would mark ~~the~~ hours of meeting
hours of parting. ~~Then~~ ~~with~~ So concentrated a pleasure
~~Upon the addition of another object~~ it excluded others.]
set it gave to Now the wind was heard what he way
raging wavered in the air - the uneasy flame. I watched
him anticipate ~~all that~~ the ~~figure~~ ~~is~~ ~~usually~~ from a figure;
the fumbling & the particular irregularity of the last fall.
& anticipate him after a short hours, the handle moved ~~him~~.
the sudden presence. Hence the weariness of some ~~of~~ his ~~mere~~ actions
weakness, ~~trained~~ as he has been by a single person)
& his decrease & uncertainty judgments. his
confidence, his decision; his intent clarity & decisive

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to an artificial a barrier excluded others - Shot them out
as a chemist would like foreign matter from a dish
Thankley trial: I became conscious of my own vague &
cloudy nature, full of sediment & impure matter. My
presence would always lack Edge. I should always
admit a cloud, a shade, oh! a touch & tatter, truly
private woman. But I could not help admiring the
silk & Rabelaisque folds of the curtain: the paper weights on
the table: the precision & severity of the setting: the
starkly therefore contrasting the utter work that Clarry in
my waistcoat pocket I guessed left him, to his
relief: their hairpins.

brilliance & accuracy the parrots displayed in foreign air, in gold threads & bars Curtain.

It was painful that it should be to his relief. & I
thought, for the first time for a few perhaps of Regent
I wished to put my arm through his: to stroll off to some
post house, ordinary eating where we should have dinner
very likely some abstract question of Verse or Politics. or short.
As it was, there was the usual mark in my little book —
this one thinks or not right or it is simply any time
of night. There was the open door: the lit windows: the
Lense empty in made ready to perceive amusement
in a white waistcoat. & I hesitated in the hall
debating with him whether another kind of life altogether
would not be preferable — I entered him into the East. relig:
Expression of our ruling: to rule. to administer: but it was
too late: my life was decided, & I shook hands with the
Horlen & went into the brilliant musical room. ×
At first. I had to ask people for information. & without
showing it, was scholarly & inspired to find myself
Courtney the same blown scented air with Prime
Ministers, politicians, & other & I seemed to me
that I was admitted, as an onlooker, to the
making of what moment or history: rather day
which would be printed off, in a record of politics

Oh to have been there in a race of the 25 —)

× instantly that what had been myself was smashed; I was not those wide ranging & the mind we had so easily Shelley

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version for the public next day. I had the sense to laugh at my own vain glory; but By listening & looking one could catch up what the public could not see. Had the sense to laugh at my own vain glory. Reversed Nature me a good head: Neville's satiric rang faint but mocking in my ear. At the same time, by the light of my own Celtic Idiosyncracy which is Cyclopaedic, (I always accelerate my Logenge) an old man offers me one in a train & Cannot erect any parallel that effectually. Keeps (terrible cat.) I saw in these faces signs & traits; I saw very carefully combined marks; I saw Character shaped & hollowed & brought to the moment of Efficiency by some fixed object: How beauty so cherished & that it seemed newly young, even in middle age; & youth so trained to pleasure That pleasure. I thought, must exist; ~~How it must be done~~ Life adequately & Thus Such preparation. Even if I had all the information) needed; & could Even in hand back of this fact of importance; & make Celtic jottes, which were some tributes which I do not attest to disclose (since I have chosen my way of life) these envelopes, these engagements, one thinly Eight thinly & the rest.

{ At the same time, what about Loren, what about Rhonda? } But I repeat this table, trying to tell you — Celtic about myself (but of course leaving out most of the important things — this for you who, from what I say. must Compare them - You also have the advantage of seeing me — a rather bald, worn elderly man, — a sight I have never seen for a second —) I am aware of the falsity of antithesis, & how possibly. I distrust coherency; I am a formula which in the right hand. ~~Matthew Arnold~~ Macaulay - a respectable of great height. ~~Was not true,~~ There my history that we this 20

much as dress, accent, Cultivate

Love

Some where.

Meeting Jenny at Celtic Tables

Like my love, Have seen Note that fault in custom Friends Confute this)

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cleverly, from twig to twig, – here Richard – here College –
here marriage – here's Mecca a feature – are not the
And while I have been talking I have been watching a square
of material thro' that window. I have been
wondering what the relation between watched it
covered with clouds, & then clear. I have been happy
at intervals to suppose that it had some relation to me.
That the clouds had no relation to my notions, ~~was dead~~ it
(these negatives, when I was happy. I am also
reminded by that lurking fear that I am a single
dependent person, whose identity could be covered easily by a shade sheet;
Yet there have been moments, on the downs after a
family. moments of exhilaration & confidence when
I realised the sense that was mine as a child, playing in
the garden where Louis stood instead a drama, of drama, of
ecstasy, of heroism overcome the heartburnings that they, & the
other discoveries of human nature: X I am picking a white
flower from the bed in the dawn, & suddenly the bitter
spring in my body spread wider, wider; I expand.
Expand – there is no limit that cannot touch;
I actually sat with my accent spring when the very
very essence of reality like a wave in a hood that at last
left the shore. Then gently & gradually
recede into myself – pick the flower; &
And then I pick the flower, & am again a little boy; or at do-a do,
such effervescence, prettily pretty in a white
pants.
waistcoat. & such a flower, & long streets & great trees & its
Purple colour, reality when the table.

X
I am a child

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And I became aglow that attracted by all varieties of human
Gelt: by the extreme Dexterity of hands: I like to
go into the back room behind the shops & see for
example how the Messy animals are stretched on a last; how
Chairs are made; how type is set; for one becomes
bored by the finished article when it is delivered & room.
~~I envy the Southern life. Where wine is so cheap, &~~
~~There is no Winter~~ & the talk of Farriers, &
Carpenters, & their wives in the back room, ~~with its~~
~~Lamp & cooking room, its odours~~, & a letter
Peace chased from the lists. Charming ~~to~~
a ~~Lamp Lines, a Cheap Cheerfulness~~; &, ~~I like~~ I like
~~The Trottoir~~ wine is very cheap, the ~~heat~~ in the middle
~~of the day very great~~, & the day to be very hot, & ~~the~~
~~it~~ night the frogs began barking; & one can sit in
at the door of the Cafe' smoking cheap cigars &
watching the girls in their pink frocks while the
Jardinis are tumbled at midnight on the quay.
About this time a change took place which has
something to do with the letter I.
The fountain has stopped playing
Suddenly I wonder ask myself, where am I? I am sitting
watching a square of naked sky through that window. It
has been covered with clouds, & then it has become clear.
I have I have seen so many skies in the course of my life.
I have watched so many arrangements of cloud.
That sky may be over London, or Paris, or Rome; or
the other country; Really, it does not seem to me a
matter of great importance. I am sitting at a table, &
undoubtedly; opposite me is a writing flap, which
shows me that I am a bald elderly man who
does not take up a great deal of room.
My identity is not capable of altering. There
plates, that bole of fruit on the side board. It

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when I get up. So. The waters of Thames will close with hardly
a ripple over the little hollow which for a time my body
made. With my hardened arteries & no doubt
some internal thrombose or glomerulo-nephritis beyond the
wholesome limit. I may not survive those flowers
or that fruit. I have accumulated very little in the
course of my life - the remembrance of a really honest; & not
a certain number of sins & shame, that I blushed. copies &
pictures & a few books. [For some time now,
what with writing, repeating my walk to the Thing &
going into dinner at the Inn thirty or eight in the
case may be, what with seeing the young come & the
leaves fall, I have lost that particular
hardness, resentment, idealism, which [when Louis & I sat on the
bank together, looking at the water, & Neville came & Rhoda -
Jinny made the moment full; before & I hated
Jinny, I hated
jumps up & shouted to the assembly sympathetic they
I am Bernard. I have been Bernard for many years.
many Bernards. If you asked my friends they would
say describe I have been charming, selfish, sympathetic; a
good man; a foolish man; a mean, a failure; I have been
lozens of things, according to the eyes that saw me.]
I used, when to be a particular person. When Louis &
I sat on the ox bank together . . .
This time that I was always capable of making the hedgerows
I was different to different If you go among my friends
they will tell you that I was good, & so no bad;
charming, no bore; brilliant; no a fraud. They
were utterly enormously. But to myself I was
for many years a real person. I was much
concerned with my faults, & wondered, when my friends
complained ugly of me, or praised me - I made
out at length, what with repeating my walk to the
office, & . . .
which made me known in Knowle
I am Bernard; & woke me in the watches of the night to

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say about solemnly with no one listening but the stars & the ether I am Bernard.

I have begin to doubt whether I am any body in particular. I have seen so much, suffered so much things that nobody knows — laughed so much. Calm & dark. ashes, with its enormous force & its ~~tools by~~ destroying the undivided. Ah, Am I man, a am I woman? Am I Bernard a Neville a Jinny a Rhoda a Susan a Louis? ~~These were my friends.~~ I do not feel it possible to Collect myself into one Will anymore; or to have only one brain; or to assume that

The chair remains solid, & the table - I see the yellow pears & the melon with its pink flesh & traces of pips. But what am I? who am I? Yes I who have undergone a change. ~~in the~~ I who have ceased to be any more single & identical, ~~a particular person.~~ though now no doubt you see me, & think me a single respectable elderly man.

It would seem to me now that I am ~~have been~~ having lived my life: immensely old; ~~that~~ I saw women carrying pitchers to the Nile; & that wicked waking but sometimes stirring in my sleep like a root which feels the leaves in the air ~~without seeing them~~ I lived through the sun & salt ~~I thank sometimes that~~ many civilizations; I must have been a savage, I must have dredged the sea for oysters wearing a loin cloth only; & slept & turned over in my sleep so that I only heard all those armies of the middle ages: I cannot ~~persuade~~ believe that I ~~should~~ heard all those songs ~~and~~ come so readily to my lips & had not crowned them over, lying unborn, but with the sun & rain piercing me, as they do the hidden root. Old songs, Latin, Italian, French. The

~~one person or am I me?~~

~~seemed me~~

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first sound that is audible to me is the sound of a
wave breaking on a beach. ~~That~~ What been breaking
these million ~~years~~ centuries; & ~~I had heard it through the ears of~~
innumerable mothers, & innumerable fathers. & ~~I saw~~ The same (& was heard)
tree, when I opened my eyes in that garden that Louis
~~father of, for hundreds of years & hundreds of years.~~ Many
they had seen. When Jinny kissed him it broke into splendour.
~~Jinny~~ She was all our love, not Louis's only. ~~&~~ Susan's tears
were ~~the tears of~~ all our tears. Then my willow tree
began to grow, & ~~its~~ I emerging from ~~my~~ the long sleep that we
had all slept, ~~began to~~ I began to put forth green
yellow tingling shoots, all sensation. The old nurse
poured hot & cold water down our backs making the
nerves start in anguish. I tasted wine for the first time:
smoked a cigar: crushed herbs in my fingers: first noticed some
shells to my ear; heard a violin in a street; or the faint green
tier of crimson cake in a window; or the
leaf on the ~~Elm~~ chestnut tree. ~~Such~~ sensations had the
power of rubbers. Fine & pliant, enriched with juicy buds,
the willow branches ~~thrashed~~ shot up; silently; then, later, rattling in the
back. my friends ~~made me~~ came, ~~sardonic, cruel, very bold,~~
tender, unseeing, ~~into all their~~ & with their strength,
their ardour, their different powers, some ~~so~~
for they were all made ~~the willow~~ me see the
willow. As I lay throwing pebbles into the stream, or
burying matches, ~~grow~~ my friends made the willow
grow: there Louis. There Rhoda. There Neville.
The willow was myself perhaps. ~~there what I made.~~
& it seemed then that one had to live with energy in any
fibre. It seemed then that I, Bernard, was a ~~tree~~ ~~As I say I~~
a tree, a leaf, of some unbalance
And then the twigs cease to shoot. A few
Thunder leaves drop to the ground. They lie like green-
grey fish on the turf. Gardeners with big brooms

a fine tree, a tree with the wind in it

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sweeps them up. Old men with bowed sticks pause to
them into baskets. Our days are very transient. I myself
always seeking for the perfect phrase to the moon, the
sweet or the look of a woman in love, have never yet
found it. That life long ardour has made
Nothing that anyone will keep on his shelf in after years.
The leaves are brushed up; & the tree, having learned to
part them lightly, no longer casts its shadow; no longer
burns in the June sun like a dripping candlestick all
lustre.

all red, all green.

Then suddenly one day - ~~perhaps in Hyde Park, or~~
wandering along a country lane, when September
hints so clear & hot, like a love that has almost
consumed the coal, I stopped by a gate into a
field & was ~~very~~ regretted, ~~perhaps~~ so much
letter. So much unaccomplishment, & reparation,
for one cannot cross London to meet a friend, ~~very~~
~~often~~ like buy so full of engagements, (Rhoda
warned me that it would be so) I said it had been a
dream. I said it had been an imperfect phrase. I
said that it had proved impossible to be sarcastic,
to be easily pleased with whatever may happen next, &
unprovided with any of those ruled pages, time lines
that have kept Louis at it, recklessly herding us
all under one roof.
all into ~~two~~ to write red ink & a fine nib,
to make a keep coherency; to keep the sound & the sea, to
the sense & the rose, the cider & the cake & talk of the
Cornish & and the sense of man, that
savage, they urgent, & so dull the same, now, in
jacket & tweed coat leaning over a gate. This
too vast a business altogether I said, addressing
myself respectfully as one would speak to the
[illegible]

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companion who had been with me on a voyage of discovery
to the North Pole; & now stood alone upon the land, never
more to be down in that desert & let the frost take steely
own one. forgotten.

And ~~then~~ that self whom I have had there always,
was a willow tree, was a branch of many-clustered wand
flakes pendant from a thin stem, (there are only single
& they must vary in order to remain expressive) made no
answer. I said then, there is now nothing: no echo comes
when I speak, no varied word. And I call that
anguish: I call that worse than the death or friend in youth.
Not to have a soul. to be merely the man one sees in a
looking glass, taking up a small space. The man
you see, for whom I do not know; but to whom I am
speaking. Even like the eclipse, when the sun
went out. & left the earth a in such vacuum, only
withered, only ashen, nothing but matter.

The light seemed to go out of the world, & to leave
it, as in an eclipse. withered, ~~useless~~, hollow, ~~nothing but~~
~~a shell~~. dead all through, ~~become~~ I ~~have~~ am already.
dead. I thought yet I may live ~~to be eighty~~ many
years. I was a heavy body leaning on a wooden fate.
Then I saw my past years, old companion, who had run by me;
them: ~~better~~ returned; running here, running there;
up & down, up & down; feverish, meaningless;
all intent to get thro. Robbing & when got;
For now that I heard Cared, ~~for no other~~
creature who ~~was~~ had been my companion all
these years, that I who had evidently a career
the moment to take,
Then I saw my past years, & watched that
Bernard who had been my companion & was now
dead, running here, running there; up & down;
intent to get thro. Robbing & when got.

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I saw rings of people collecting into groups, eating; others in various attitudes; meeting one another right at Hamlet's Court, ~~feasting~~. ~~In what state? took~~ what pressure! ~~It~~ Then ~~had~~ seemed inevitable, ~~I heard~~ deemed miserable, ~~when one knew~~ ~~round~~ that restless Spirit, who was dead. the next felt, & carry, & run, & fret & go hither & thither, & ~~by~~ becoming part of other groups, whereby with them, & ~~by~~ thereby from them; intent on some extraordinary event which kept him busy, with his nose pressed to the ground, though now & then he would stop & say, Every Year wears a garland; & then have his hair cut, & then run on smelling the Ground again. What a life! What a torment! I envied ~~the dark~~ ~~of your~~ ~~passionate~~ ~~nature~~ in the dark (but Jenica has my children now & they walks rather heavily across the field): & ~~then of course~~ Rage; & then of those sudden tears; I had a theatre of shades, & could make that restless Spirit trace his course in ink or paint or in pencil ~~would~~ there be any pattern to it; or a tune - Even a simple tune like Here we go round the ~~the~~ mulberry tree, or Nancy & Lemans. Jenica is walking with her arms now; ~~I~~ should she read my sketch in the newspaper woven ~~only~~ with blank for a moment as the Carver the joint of mutton. I have accumulated my bills in the course of my life - a certain number of chairs, sheets & blankets, Cups & saucers & a few books. What time is there, what hallow! now that I have ceased to be that restless Spirit, & stand looking back at ~~his~~ leaning over a fate, Gate, when I was conscious that my self who made the moment fate, had left me. Do I thought, leaning over the Dana away. I said to

their heads in my in the Street,

There was passionate Silence:

Who Heard the Dogs bark

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that spirit, as if I could destroy him, whereby in a dust cloud
all have departed that short, having no more appetites to
start a end to verse. Why did that thing, that
those sharp teeth, those clutching hands. those
green devices to feel for myself the rope bear. the hot
water; I should perhaps have hung on that gate
the for ever. Why go home to tea? And I daresay
Cyanide
they eat? they drink? Why bring more children to
inherit this a Clod of dust?

Do not expect from me an answer. Efficiently
meager: naked vocalisation of sudden inhibition; inhibited shriek.
do not let me. Maybe the flight upon mind me belong with
Used Ways, as were nets a day of those shrieks which the
were have spread there many eyes for the capture of wild
birds. The eclipse was over - there came back a fain; here
a a faintly glass, glass; some old woman's window.
Then with a golden touch a whole wood appeared; blue;
& the Corpsend. tall
tinkling glass Cage - At first it was like a tinge
Early fractured: but I am recording the birth agony
when as a child I became careless of the Red
that was pictures as an avalanching roar. Look at the world
was born without me, I said. & the Children
Skimmed the flowery with their butterfly nets. x There were -
faders. Fear with its faders; with its
Then I could see a hart Then there came substance,
as the early mists blow off, a the first trail
of smoke turn from blue to grey. Then the
Colours there. I could see the earth became more
substantial, I saw the faders there; the I followed
almost watching as like a spectator who has no
hand in it, the many comings & goings, the

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the runways this way & that way; they were at their work, as they were at home. And they grew up, & they knew each other. Some went to work. some married. Others died. They met. They loved. They suffered. There was beauty in them. why yes - Jenny Kemp Lonsdale that little corn: & Neville Sen the apple tree; & Susan Cryer: a phrase a week, that reaches me; & when Jerem

I saw it fill with colour as a young wych would. I saw the Na brain gathered fields absorbed their fresh hues, & the woods became green, & the river mirrored the blue light.

Do wonderful / What comes into a word before anyone is up: I have seen I saw it, but was not seen; I left as one has left [illegible] suddenly & coming into a room, before anyone is up.

(I hold no clue, to these recollections: I record them as)

And then, as the colour came back to the withered fibres of the dead world, Now the order in which by contact all these Eddy & whirlpools & dances first began to come [illegible] had been my hand, & [illegible] distinct existence, what joins us Eddies whirlpools

Only with Hall Island, when I was living it, assemble & what [illegible] Island in my [illegible] bed a few Nets last winter. for the [illegible] light flickered on the faces, & I heard the Susan robbery, the shouts of the merry children, Henry the flower bed: last far, & Irene; & last [illegible] with [illegible] & last this let [illegible] with tenderly: deep with [illegible] when I [illegible] could ponder, & [illegible] could Ross see [illegible] again; as a friend who has died last come back mercy, that [illegible] [illegible] before my shoots restless [illegible] incomprehensible hate childhood I said; & there was the garden with the many hedges, & [illegible] & [illegible] & Jenny Jones & [illegible] and [illegible] the lawn; & Neville who looked at the apple pretty tree; & Jenny terrified became a leaf stirred: Susan Rhoda through the dust. all absorbed; all intent, not Henry the grass like jewellers: like jewels [illegible] Crowder & the telegraph wires & [illegible] & [illegible]

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& sometimes breaking apart to stare in wonder at some portent.
(It was I who found the dead rat swarming with maggots in the ditch.)
~~After that~~, And then, as the light quickens when wind & boughs cut some
shark, – the flint of the very sun upon many flashing wonder
frames – look at Neville, Rhoda, Louis. eyes: all
about, with our differently tilted mind, catching
different beams: I the Louis light, being with that
solemn & robbing splendour, a ~~fair~~ disguised fellow, of
Louis, in his city suit, & with his chilblains: but ~~had~~
there a beauty ha – flashing back his poem, how
concentrated & desperate a thrust to the ... lights of the
~~perplexing~~ & deceiving day. His ... ~~the~~ our

my colour

distraction in our story.

Then, ~~as~~ when ~~under~~ the shadow of the trees, little groups withdrew. ~~Then voices came further~~
I hear Neville & Jinny ~~meet~~ best.
as the leaves thicken on the trees, & make the earth
dark with ~~many~~ shadows, I could see, so looking over that
~~ascending~~ prophet ~~where~~ ~~island~~ ~~ape~~ ~~what seemed to~~ where the twenty dust ~~has~~ had ~~taken~~ colour, turned to colour,
~~float, making for~~ ing when floating following each other, in some majestic

like swans with bowing necks,

became orderly & following each other, in some majestic
movement, like that the clouds have on a still summer day, I
saw, Jinny & Neville & other couples, move apart, ~~...~~ & settled free; ~~when~~ &
the shiver of some white stained & strangely ~~...~~ saw there
than I heard them – Neville clearest – which rose from the
curious descant, about each other: which rose from the
locked embrace, & turned twisting in various intricate
spirals of ... mixed with ecstasy up & & up into
the dome of the awful & ~~unthinkable~~ night ~~...~~ ~~...~~ with most
~~...~~ ~~what passion~~ Neville sang; ~~...~~ writhing with
acute passion, & rattled his note, lightly, like the
dust of despair: but rose again, in a high column, muscular,
fountain – which spouts in a high column,
all rainbows in its fall

~~And~~ The light broadens: there is the field with all the

330
280
50

28050
14000
141

NYPL

pearly sheep in dr: & the kine red roan: ~~the flights of~~
~~& the bobbing~~ & the full cream flags that took their yellow
petals along the brooks Jordan It was

how again entblama having come back a broad shadow
so that the pearl grey sheep could cross the plan & the
Cows nearby lie ruminating ~~or pass advancing or backwards by~~
~~forking feet through~~ ~~render the~~ in the shade,
I saw Jesus ~~on island where the woodland is bending~~
very early rising ~~into his Cool fingers~~, bathing through
the feathery plants & the ~~dark~~ cultivated cabbage leaves
where all the dew drops lie grey & purple like clear
stones, ~~with~~ his cool fingers, ~~her~~ his ~~cold~~ eyes,
~~in bed~~ seeking a flower with his cool fingers their
waters cool & so strong, & ~~bathing~~ & bathing in dense cool
ashamed stream where the feet, ~~ashamed at dawn~~,
shot from his whole limbs: & then, ~~with the~~ late,
~~from~~ risen, & the great ~~shimmer~~, with the yellow
~~pears~~ apples & the wash, & nets pendant here with
purple plum, & ~~gooseberries~~, the ~~top~~ & the new
Visited the meadow, the, who had ~~went~~ when her
so much fierce heat, the, lazy ~~like~~ a tomato in a
greenhouse, ~~dazed~~, by Renewal, dazed by birds,
Then ~~let~~ ~~pass~~ turn. the same wayward ~~pout~~,
her rose cheek away, ~~it~~ ~~just~~ stumbled ~~out~~ he
Children a thin Lawn; ~~their~~ ~~her~~ nelled ~~whatever~~ in
Colts; them upstream with the colts; -a- went hung
attended always by the ~~gate~~ gault, creaking,
dispersed sea; & thinking dogs, & ~~the~~ tall Cat
that stretch in the sun. Her peplum followed her; &
Jan after her ~~was~~ crudely the ~~sea~~ ~~that~~, for the
Jean that ~~the~~ let fall from ~~her~~ ~~this~~
~~beautiful fingers~~ her tanky, Cathable hand

past a bramble.

I saw all her lovers. & the shadow began: & all her embraces in

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And just as one may become tired on a hot day, I turned my eyes away
from the river & all the whole plane trees, & the dust
yellow flowers that hang over Southern walls, where the cried
Pickers, in a cart of the stones, & the cart plate
with the cry of the man selling water, & the
dozen narrow cobbled streets between very high houses
where the flower girls stands on window ledges, & very
old women beat their linen on a wash for clothes
Darkness, & Raw Death, in that floating mist,
that solemn procession, in those orderly circles which
shadows on this floating island that orderly
procession of the dead, as I walked back, busy myself: I
no longer violently Celebrate Farewell to
leaving her from her home: her shoulder became
for her death; for they no longer intimated to me my own death,
or cut short any pleasure that I could have with them,
but rather served (those still to brush away tears
to make me think how, as I lean over the gate, that
clear autumn day, Consumption: a fire burning
Unduly on the lips of the lake. a an end
how I myself should no longer need to see anymore:
as an end, a
I said how, in orderly procession, with an end appointed,
this strange procession. the Pelendid & many colour,
Chestnut. Then I left in order; one moment pleading as
each. none wanted, none lost, hearing up a corner laden with
riches. I will not weep because this moment,
when they were gold, had darkness; shadow them, as
I become have come almost to believe that
Now I will let my mind explore the solemn procession,
the battle of fate, Grey heroes & their
Exit; that exit as legations, the groups, that has
Come together, for a moment, drawn by sympathies
fine a hour, & pulled by the. for a moment,
eternal process; which is not fine, as shadow
of moments: like that at Dunn one night, again at
Hampton Court one night; meet my in fog & rain,

& Coolness
greeted

Now
(as a shadow
round a
thick fig)

NYPL

Mabey a Jenn: divorced; Comey togither; with the
long g death here; & the Ruler of both there;
& I will say, as I join the dance & look at when the
Great Great two have gone to join the great assembly of
Moments: we have made another. I shall say, - & shall look back
at that very remote heart; when the women were hatching:
also I shall look down the street — ~~Strange~~

~~London~~
But where am I? Is this London, Paris, Constantinople or
Rome! The why might be any why. And who am I,
Many over again. talking — to whom?

But who am I?

Now I will let my mind go and freely ~~without~~ with a gentle reflection.
~~with this mind~~ with pencils such like the mainspring of a
clock, ~~with this pencil~~ different lives, moments, & left right
these grooves, which my hands, as Come together in the work.
verge of the years; if to at dinner that night; at
Hampton Court; Mabey here in the sea; there in a
Jacket, a jemmy a winks; has divided, now Coming together:
& I will say, Many over the jail, & my heart ~~feels~~ to think me
~~I will be in them all the various things, whatever~~
moment have gone to join the great assembly of
moments; we have made laugh, I shall say, & shall look
back to the heat when worms were hatching: & also as,
up ~~the street~~ also ~~I shall look~~ at the street.

Without a self then, such this were what I saw, that
afternoon her day; but as what Come into a room before
anybody was up. like a clear profile, a ~~single~~ kind.
An ~~totally~~ process. ~~as like~~ ~~person that flowers friendly~~, ~~she felt~~,
God the hoods the world, had had hurt us
Substance. & these were the

But ~~Lord Jesus~~, I am only a single person. Look at me

without
consequence;

Rolled by
Jane Ann;

Drawn by
what
Jane said;

Whether back to
the past. to those
early ones
when sorrow
were flood;
& we use to
& then
& plotter any
more
meaning;
>

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in the lobby there, bald, elderly, ~~reading to himself~~
with one elbow on the table & shading my head.
back when I see you, whom I do not know, ~~are, undoubtedly,~~
~~sitting together at this table~~ I see the table & the chairs; a
waistcoat, & ~~perhaps~~ that same ~~certainly~~ in some particular
place. ~~I shall never~~ recover, in a real time, my sense of this moment;
I shall make the moment fade. as that you were very I am
either a good man, or a weak man, or some special kind of person.
~~But I want one moment~~ – let me ~~tell you before I tell you, before~~
~~I must~~ love this – I shall love this scene; as I lost it;
when the waves had lost an colour, & I heard the

at a particular time.

lonely/this note in the night;

landscape sunny down to the sea, ~~lonely~~ ready were other; & the remote hills: trees there;
~~the doves~~ coo call the rain in the air sound musical, with
the wood pigeons & the cocks & some faint autumn hens, –
from the some ~~hens, muffled behind~~ like a the roll of
~~waggons~~ & carts some trampling: some

When I pushed up my chair & went on. That lonely.

But I
look – I am pushing my hand on my knee: I am
laying a note on the bill which the waiter has
discreetly folded. ~~Look, at the~~ These
are moments when the sight of an ordinary human face
bread is the most exciting thing in the world. The ~~ribbed~~
crust is so yellow; the light seems to crackle,
~~The edges~~ & the edges, sharper even than knife blades, seem long.
I say ~~good night~~; & you wish pardon me & hold your
hand ~~rather~~ all its length, ~~because~~ to make me think of
~~bed, blankets, sound sleep~~, it is warm, yours,
because do I touch fireglow, lamplight, & people
as people who ~~sound~~ sober, & ~~so~~ long,
And I see ~~startle~~ the most comical, impossible,
provincial phrase who whole ~~sound~~ character
~~that I shall~~ can use so lonely: what does
one even bid farewell to an almost unknown
person ~~so~~ – ~~so long~~? Cheerio? I take

Vic

NYPL

I simply say. Good night, a dee for now, a something. And
because I do not dread eternal Oblivion: I Almagest. –
Fellin had also thy so beautiful as the Granby when
for so, unknown strength, taken with envy & decem
no Night left behind, running down stairs.

Now heaven be praised for Solitude. Now I could
raise a hymn to all Solitary places where people have died.
I began to strut on the splendour & resplendent Regency death, with this old
Court. Now I shall be alone for ever, & make Cathedrals with
their passages down stairs, a good phrase. now I am
here we absent from all fellin & Lyde. I am unknown.
I am single; no longer draped out on the lobes of every people: nor I
am folded together. I can not touch no more, Lyddy &
Caspian or Cassie eyes or hers: Ilan no longer wants
up & down there, in & out of rooms, & meeting
new people, & forgetting nothing something new.
back. back I say: to the voice the wind; here is the
something that pulls outside & below & forgets me: here & the
as here on the Cuppeno;
Bond when am I! Piccadilly or some dear County road!
Where I am, & what I am, I do not know.

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Selena has sheathed me in her dark wings.
Sealed & shrouded I stand now at the door.

Darker than the sheen.

Out at sea a wave rose. ~~Growing from Existence,~~ it
travelled swiftly across the vast breadth of waters,
& ~~came~~ drawing on ~~black~~ Night, & came steadily on,
which ~~drew~~ spread from the ~~like mist it~~ land
moving only at first only vacant waters, ~~the~~ was lifted
& the light of a few stars. ~~Now~~ Here & there a ship rose on its
Manstrom breast, until the mast barred the moon; &
Then the ~~hanging~~ long creepers fell ~~it~~ more thinly at
the mouths of ~~Death~~ Caves in ~~Southern Islands~~; &
it drove its huge ~~thundering~~ into the vast black Caves,
where ~~stood & made~~ & the rocks round about
who then I moved then & rode valleyward to where the
Dry Sandshore ~~of the~~ last wet ~~Death~~ shells & odd
the Seaweed ~~Sea~~ lay in many ~~Sea~~. It swept Cave after
Cave along the coast. The boats washed & ~~pale~~ the
light- leaped & sank. It ~~rapped~~ ~~the~~ ~~ripple~~ & ~~to~~ ~~the~~
Lemuels ~~the beach, to the Sea~~ & rushed over the beach.
Old Things, ~~Sea~~ its ~~nothing~~ from Things & the dead
trees down, & Drowning ~~Sand~~ & the landlocked flowers which
Grass had only ~~to~~ felt the ~~death~~ of the rain. Then it
Waged ~~Jelly~~ fronds, ~~of~~ ~~Death~~ ~~mongrel~~ & then ~~an~~ of ~~Sea~~ beach, at last
very ~~Sea~~. & Calm & Quiet the breath in the wind were
whaley ~~one~~ man ~~Sea~~ ~~whaley~~ to the depths ~~of~~ the bay, it
returned & was ~~Sea~~ ~~behind~~ ~~in~~ & made again part ~~of~~ the
Unfathomable Sea; ~~to lie deep & fruitless~~;
& left the Shore; & And ~~the dead bay~~
The beach was ~~once more~~ whole again;
& unmarked, save by some faint ripples in the sand,
~~of the Dead~~, & gently ~~to~~ lay for a few more hours; &
& without any followers; ~~with the Sea preached~~, &
without moonlight or Starlight; ~~but only the faint~~ ~~only~~ with
Dawn whitening the Sky. the Dawn whitening the sky.

29th April 1932.

The Sea gets restless

Whispered

Grows in gravely waste

Wild

I am pleased
Thursday
Jungle Contracts

NYPL

~~like an actor~~
& started out again, ~~with an~~ as if I went along a heritage,
into another room.

Then the world burns on their eyes, after these moments of withdrawal: how white are the tablecloths: how
All the long my nightgown flew in nights & round those stars &
can close that.
& chairs tables, clean matches & paint.

Now I was
& my self
& any fellow undressed when the abominably sweaten >
The moment when you, when without they must
Corner, jump up & run &

For the light had gone out of the sky
I moved about dance & Marion no more.

But those looked empty.
I work very slowly
& press your hands very ~~upturned~~ heads.

to all hope & nobody when other people has died
alone. Then I would eyes and very old hands.
I am alone in case: I am about her who
stolen eyes, & take no reflection. Two
two shrunken corpses. I am eyes. Two

in Phrase. I

NYPL

13th June. 1930

The Waves [Version]

Next the beginning shd. go like this:
It describes of Dawn – & the sea – breaking on a beach.
Then each chord makes & sees something
a globe: an object. Says something
a face. a shoe.
The sea again
The garden
down beside it
a stair. & lotus marmalade.
hears a wave breaking.

Part I

I The light flutters –
The garden

2. The garden.

3 Shrub ——— 20,

4 College.

5. London.

6. Maturity

7 Death

8 Love.

9 Books. & inspiration

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The Waves.

The sun had not yet risen. ~~A black bar lay on the horizon.~~ The sea ~~& the sky~~ was indistinguishable from the sky, except that the sea was slightly creased; as if a cloth had ~~like a~~ grey ~~like~~ a cloth. ~~As &~~ ~~Gradually,~~ And gradually, the sky whitened; ~~& the creases deepened &~~ seemed as if ~~they moved~~ something ~~moved beneath~~ the rolling them on; ~~to~~ ~~Then~~ a dark bar lay on the horizon; dividing the sea & the sky; & ~~then~~ the grey creased cloth became ~~slowly~~ deeper & deeper; & the bars ~~which stretched~~ across it were long back~~ed waves~~. barred with thick strokes moving, one after another, across the breadth of the sea, regularly. ~~The~~

In the colourless light they ~~broke upon the~~ beach & swept fan ~~shaped~~ things

As they approached the ~~sea~~ shore ~~they heaped~~ each wave ~~themselves high~~, & became separate. ~~& the~~ heaped itself high, ~~& it~~ arched its back, curved, & crashed ~~down on the stones~~ ~~making~~ ~~throwing~~ up its spray lay fly a plume of spray & dashed itself down on the stones - A fan of thin water ~~dashed~~ raced rushing ~~into~~ across the sand, filled hollows. bent the ~~rushes~~ ~~leaving~~ seaweed ~~sea~~ holly; paused a second, & then slowly ~~turned~~ drew back. ~~The little pebbles were turned over~~. And then another fell: & another fell. ~~In the so far dim light~~, The ~~sound was~~ of the blow was tremendous. ~~Stones~~ like the falling from a half seen ~~object~~ ~~heavy~~; : like a

this heavy

Marginal notes: wrinkles as it; sea; flung they stony pits; & each blow dealt / dealt by a half seen wave

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Ariel &c

a blunt mallet ~~falling~~ ~~Driving a Stake~~ ~~falling~~ on a Stake,
~~&~~ Then, when the ~~were driven back~~ ~~upon~~ into the sea, there was a
long shrieking sigh, as the pebbles were turned over,
& the water went back to the sea.

Bernd

"~~Natica~~ I see a ~~bark~~ of ~~baggy~~ pale, purple ball
~~baggy~~ above me;" ~~this~~ said Bernd; "It ~~rocks~~ moves, quivers,
changes hangs. Just beyond me; ~~there~~ a light in its side."

Jurem.

"I see a vast ~~Effluence~~ Flash of pale yellow" said
Jurem, & spreading away, ~~until~~ it met a Remendous
violet mass.

Louis.

"~~I hear a~~ The elephant ~~stamps; the~~ stir chained, I hear it
Wamps.
Stamps. ~~it~~ Stamps" said Louis.

Rhoda

"~~I hear the~~ Night the a bird begins" said Rhoda. "Cheep. cheep,
cheep cheep.

"I see a Knot ~~in~~ there: it is the handle on the chest of
drawers" said Neville.

"~~There is~~ a a slope of ~~on the~~ with purple valleys
~~in that~~ crimson hills ~~there is~~ on the finest" said Jinny

Now the

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Gradually the dark bar on the horizon became green, like the
clear clouded light in an old wine bottle: & then the
sediment in the bottle sank, & the green became clear.
~~It became a~~ Behind it was the sky cleared of the sediment that
had sunk, ~~& a light was lit behind a shade~~; as if an
~~woman had~~ ~~lay on~~ ~~a green curtain beneath the~~ ~~the~~ ~~cooked~~
~~drawn~~ beneath the sun. The world had raised a lamp. ~~The~~
~~It that~~ ~~rays of~~ ~~was heavy~~ ~~with~~ ~~flat bars of~~ white, green, & yellow ~~rays~~,

"Look at the web in the corner of the shadow" said Bernard.
What beads of water on it, drops of light. white light
~~The~~ "The leaves are gathered round the
~~The last two~~ window like pointed ears," said Jinny.
A shadow falls on the path," ~~said Louis~~
over the. wet yellow light " ~~said Louis~~
"The ~~largest~~ ~~tree~~ which is ~~rather~~ stands ~~from~~ the
tree" ~~said Rhoda~~. green said Rhoda.
"~~The last tree~~" ~~said~~ Neville. "~~whose top~~
~~leaves are white~~. The ~~back~~ eyes are light in the tunnels between the leaves"
"~~They~~ ~~The tree~~ over me" said Neville.
"The thick stalks are covered with short hairs."
said Jinny. & drop of dew have stuck between them."

The ~~light~~, raised by an ~~invisible~~ ~~hand~~ ~~went out of the~~ camps head beneath the sea, had sent
more broadly: the ~~sea became~~ & ~~under the water~~ ~~dried~~ a faint
~~weeds, a coloured mass~~, ~~wrinkled too~~, ~~underneath~~,
~~to~~ dappled like a mussel; ~~shell~~ ~~all~~ violet & green.
"The ~~leaves make~~ are caverns & arches" said Bernard." There are
damp smells under the dark leaves.
"Here are ~~fatter~~ Caliban ~~with fatter~~" said Louis
~~fatter~~ ~~muscle~~

did the
mustard
glue work;

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with yellow tufts." Susan

And burning lights at the window panes" said Rhoda Louis-
~~which stand~~ flashy in & out." on the plains,
~~There are red & green lights on the tufts of the grasses" said Rhoda.~~
The vast mail draws across the pale ~~sky~~ & the
pearl grass is ~~dark~~ lights behind him said Rhoda.
~~The~~ Stones are cold to my feet, said Neville. I feel the shape of
How reluctantly.
How I hate, said Jinny: I am clammy here.
~~The~~ was now a burning spot in on the horizon; as if
the woman had raised her lamp & all the ~~fair~~ ~~hairs~~
on the surface ~~the~~ sea had ~~fingered~~; ~~as~~ become
~~as~~ Carpet fire; were glowing ~~under the green~~ behind the
green; were very close & very slowly; brilliantly
burning, softly burning, reddening the brownly hyacinth
& the ~~fair~~ The soft ~~fair~~ were aligned & all the
air were made of ~~fair~~ red light.
The cock crows like a spurt of red water said
Bernard; in the whole hot; said Bernard
among the ~~the~~ birds.
"~~The~~ ~~cockerels chorus~~" said ~~the chorus~~ The ~~cocks~~ Valley rang in
Chorus" said Jinny. on all the bushes. said Jinny.
And the beast stamps; ~~to~~ ~~chained~~ elephant with its ~~post~~ chain" said Louis.
me now rays alone, on the tree by the house" said Louis.
~~red~~ said Rhoda, ~~all~~ the windows are
~~black~~ ~~as~~ ~~as they~~
white,
~~The~~ ~~hot~~ are, where Mrs Constable ~~sleeps~~ dresses
where Mrs. Constable is hurrying on her dark blue shoulders said
Jinny.

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"The waves are new
The horse becomes cracked with golden light" said Bernard;
"Mrs Constable sucks up her thick black stockings" said
Jinnan.
"Wisps curls off the roof, like smoke, when the smoke
rises" said Louis in a mist. & the spoon in.
"The Flies they sing in chorus, said Rhoda: then, when
the back door is unlocked, off they fly. Up they settle
bedroom windows
"Like bubbles, foam on the floor at the luncheon: then
they rise" said Jinny
at the boys'
The fishes in the herring, were now all fixed in the.
one hare, cat, blown, from which
& a
absent lifted the fog weight of the fog. Myra it
over ran thick it, here & there, shafts of pale
blue, shafts of pink. Between the bars fell
long The lake, Barnsbury, tossed the the horses
the sea, mast flattens the dark mark, were
Rattlesnake, & Scend as of the waves rolled spread
were shallower. The cold sea holly, heard the
Send with its blue heads, mailed against battleships
jags. The boat & the boat that was taken
cast like the reds ga wisps & half filled with sand.
"There is One window this new" said
Bernard.
"The big chimneys smoke
The air dances above the big chimneys, said Louis.
Jinny

Sometimes the fish still wriggles said Neville

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"There's a swallow on the lightning conductor" said Jean:

The arm that held the lamp raised it so that the broad flame became visible; & the sea beneath it turned to bright gold. ~~The~~ bright the sky ~~became blue, mottled coloured~~ ~~deepened in a mottled gold colour to~~ turned, above to ~~Pale~~ pale gold above, merging with the soft blue. ~~Fading~~ ~~beyond the reach~~, were long thin grey cloud, laid flowed, only ~~shining~~ where in the sky, taking green fledged ireland; & ~~Ennis~~ ~~coast, fan~~ purple coasts, vanishing.

Grey cast shadow

"The ~~heart~~ Chapin stamps" said Loren: "It stamps, ~~the~~ ~~stamps~~ on the beach ~~and~~ The flowers flowing in the light, like tropical fish; ~~made of jewels light~~ mere of light; & green light These are leaves. ~~This is a stalk that I held in my hand.~~ I have broken one from the tree. ~~I pass the stalk, a drop~~ ~~Somebody dropped from the hole.~~ ~~But who am I?~~ I am the flower that I hold, my roots go down to the middle ~~the~~ wood. I am I am the leaf. I am the stem stalk. My feet are rooted here, & my veins go back through all the darkness of the earth, & waves. ? as the women carrying reed fishers on the banks of the Nile. I ~~am~~ stand here a block of cyclen stone in the desert sand. ~~Maybe~~ I push thick here a new in this branch; I am a leafy grey; an shoot the sun come to the light. My

Whether dolmen Carn, its broken tube de sun

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" Biddy has put the ~~basket~~ & bucket down on the flags."

" That is the first stroke of some Chapel bell" said Louis.

"Look at the table cloth flying ~~over the~~ white ~~over~~ along the table" said Rhoda. "And then a bee hums loud"

flecked with sparks

"I am standing in the corner by the wall among the flowers" said Louis. Flower after flower, ~~leaf after leaf~~, red, blue, yellow; are flecked ~~in~~ about; ~~as was~~ in specks in stars; also there are breadths of green; & cuppy black hollows beneath, where the stalks rise. The flowers swim like stone-cut fish on the top of the green water. I am the ~~leaf~~. I am the ~~stalk~~ . My roots go down to the middle of the world, through the hot earth through the damp earth, through all the veins & veins of lead & silver.

& damp.

~~Flowers I am not~~ All tremors shake me; & pressed to my sides the weight of the earth is ~~about~~ me. rumours & ~~earth~~ & all the weight of the earth I see the women carrying red pitchers to the Nile. I am am pressed ~~tight by~~ tight in the earth. I am I am not the lids are shut on them; I up here my eyes are really open; ~~but~~ I am eyeless; a ~~little boy in grey~~ flannel ~~suit~~ with a belt fastened by a brass snake: down there ~~I am~~ my eyes are the lidless eyes of stone figures in the desert by the Nile. I am the Camels swaying in line pass the pyramids; & green & blue ~~and~~ white turban.

up

~~They skim the flower bed with their nets.~~ Jinny & Susan skim here ~~Bernard~~ Bernard Neville, Jinny & Susan skim the flower bed with their nets. They skim the tops of the flowers. I hear bright butterflies on the tops of the flowers. I am They beat to the surface of the world. Their nets are full of fluttering wings. Let them ~~not~~ pass me. Let them shout Louis! Louis! And

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I am ~~but~~ I pray that they may not find me. For I am ~~ill~~ sick:
a pain me on the other side of the hedge. I am ~~all~~ ~~of~~
green as a yew tree in the shade the hedge. ~~Only~~
There are only little eye holes among the leaves.
Now ~~I must~~ I let lay the butterflies on a bracket handkerchief on
the stand. ~~Now I am a stone figure turned on the lathe.~~ I am
Do not ~~let~~ I stand as still ~~as a~~ hemlock: I am thin
hemlock; ~~but~~ I pass the flasks. And a sticky drop oozes:
Jenny: ~~with~~ her eye peered between the leaves me; & The ~~sun~~
Lord Lord! & the flasks ~~cry~~ & She knows me — it is
There is the crash of steel on the naked neck!
She has killed me! My back. The lane is cut. The flasks is
broken."

It forms ~~sticky~~ at the mouth. There is a flash of pink near
~~behind the leaves~~ hedge. Now at last. Now the work. I am
Caught. She is here — She is on me — her knee has
shattered the whole world. Down it falls like ~~broken~~
Jenny. I have had a blow on the naked neck. My eyes are
~~now~~ changing butterflies.

I saw the leaves move, said Jenny. ~~Running down the~~
path I rushed. I thought there must be a bird in a nest: a ~~that~~
I thought ~~her~~ wings made the leaves quiver. I thought I saw
a thrush sitting on her egg. But ~~there only the leaves~~
Quivering with nothing there. under the leaves. They &
I thought Why do the leaves move? There is nothing there
Why does my heart beat? And ~~why is it so~~
~~under the leaves? When will it stop?~~ & The flowers
Shake? & the wind ~~why~~ why & why should
I have this heart here? I who moving my legs; & I
beat ~~I will not~~ under my pink dress? moving
up & down, ~~with~~ ~~And~~ & the butterflies, the

I cross ~~but~~ the
the common Elm
the cabbage
white: the
red admiral:
the tortoiseshell.

Her Eye
Red Thrush
the chunks.

The green hair for
our eyes:
I am

NYPL

~~It will go on~~ for ever [?]: ~~light changing & dark coming~~,
light again & dark. Fearing us, ~~without & if we~~ part the leaves
there is nothing. I ~~Kissed~~ without anything under it.
the flowers. ~~the butterflies~~!! I do not know I run: I dance: I kiss: I fall
Come over [?], with a net of light; - diamond patterned;
~~[?]~~ We are alive ~~together among these flowers. [?]~~
& we ripple in light; darting hither & thither. & all the world
in which we live is rippling [?]; & the smell of geraniums; &
red butterflies sunning themselves on the white wall; &
the hum of bees; & earth hot to the foot, or cold; &
green worm [?]; & the hum of wheels; & . & so I
kiss Jinny on the nape of the neck; [?] a flint on the
though I am afraid, when I stop chasing white butterflies, -
see the leave move in a dint in the hedge with nothing
under them. ~~And~~ I I am afraid, so I run; ~~so~~ I kiss. And
~~I net for with me~~; And ~~then~~ I outrun Susan & Rhoda:
I fly down the path ahead of them; & of but Susan
I saw Jinny [?] to the nest.
"I saw them kiss:" said Susan, "& I will go ~~[?] alone~~ to
the beech wood with my anguish screwed up inside my
pocket handkerchief. until I am alone ~~I will go alone~~. I will not sit at a
table doing sums. I will not sit next ~~Rhoda~~ Jinny & next
Louis. I will take my anguish & spread it out upon ~~[?]~~ the roots
~~Green~~ [?] under the beech trees. They will not
~~Care, or~~ follow. I will find nuts & grain & peer for
eggs through brambles, & my hair will be matted &
I shall go barefoot & sleep under hedges, & drink
water from ditches!! And shall die there.
"Susan has gone," said Bernard, "with her handkerchief
screwed into a ~~little ball~~; her face ~~hard~~ like the ~~inside of a cricket ball~~.
She was not crying; but she was not seeing anything. Her eyes

& in turn dream [?] or

I let Rhoda pulling ~~flowers~~ [?] petals from them: I pass Susan; I outrun her;

I will then take it & ~~put it~~ pinch it between my fingers.

NYPL

which are so beautiful, were as ~~wide as~~ narrow like Cats eyes
before they spring. I shall follow her, going gently behind her,
to be at hand, with my curiosity, my fatherless & my
desire ~~that there is nothing~~ love of words, when the time,
Slow & steps lowly down, & bursts out in a rage. The only
fact found me there for ~~herself~~ alone
First, she walks with a strong, unchalantly, to deceive us.
When She comes to the steps: She thinks She is unseen; & ~~so~~
She begins to run: with her fists clenched in front of her;
Her head went meet in the back of the handkerchief. ~~And~~
She is making for the beech woods; out of the light.
She spreads her arms as She comes to them, ~~like a~~
takes to the shade like a swimmer. & hits ~~the trees~~
~~Close over~~ her. But She cannot see, after the sun there: &
~~Heedless~~ & stops lonely down, in the woods, under the
Branches, where the ~~&~~ light is seem to paint low, in & out,
~~as the leaves were, lofty~~ Down The two branches
sweep up & down. There is an agitation, a trouble here, as
~~if~~ The heart of the wood ~~seems heavy, like fools asleep,~~
~~almost~~ down: with sun & the shadow, ~~shadow~~ & sun. Shadow.
It is falling over us. There is a ~~Kind~~ network of
boughs on the ground ~~like a Hatchet~~, ~~with~~ threw quivering
Dead leaves. & The spread out her arms there;
The sees Jenny Kiss Louis - ~~Look at the hand~~ stone,
~~the sign~~, that has formed in my heart. ~~For~~ I
~~choose particularly to be loved. Jealousy is a~~
in one flash has ~~found~~ my heart to stone.
of Jealousy; for She desires particularly to be loved.
She wishes for nothing but to be loved from here:
" I saw Jenny Kiss Louis " said Jean. " I
looked between a chink in the leaves & saw her. ~~So Jean~~
She glanced in Heard with diamonds. Light as dust;
~~whose~~ Jam strong & short, & has eyes that do look
Close to the ground I see insects in the grass. And

Shadow

Heard up

Look how they flicker in sun.

Close

NYPL

I have come away from them all; to take this angular, many-cornered
~~stone here~~; to be alone; ~~to eat of my heart~~. which formed them
from the warmth there, ~~when I saw them~~. & the yellow lights
when I saw them. I shall eat flam. & die in a ditch, &
the brown weeds, that the dead leave rot in.

In the ~~grass~~ the clover & the woodshed,

"~~Listen, said Bernard~~. I saw you do" said Bernard. "And
I heard you say I "I am unhappy". "I am
unhappy" I was in the woodshed, with shreds, making
boats. And the chips of pine wood stuck in my hair, which is
always untidy, because when Mrs Constable ~~brushes~~ combs me
~~you to forget~~ I forget hers back. I always forget, ~~suffer~~ There is
a fly in the window, caught in a web ~~to suck it~~ & ~~it~~
~~that one~~ has in her ~~it~~, & I do not
should see my poor fly, or poor Rhoda, & I followed you, with the chips in my hair, across
the field ~~& in here,~~ & I saw you come here: ~~I saw you~~
Why do you want to ~~possess them~~? possessions? Rhoda!
Why ~~can you not~~ must you suffer, ~~it~~ so? Why
"I love & I hate" ~~said Jinny~~. & now because our bodies are
there, to because ~~when~~ ~~though~~ ~~before~~ ~~heard you say~~ ~~the~~ ~~insects~~ begin
carrying the heap of it on its back, even your
desire to possess, our simple pleasures, Louis, warm. Here,
like the light, in & out the leaves, ~~& a leaf~~
~~underlying~~. & plunge many irregularly sharp pins
some, break up the ~~whitey~~ ~~blood~~, in your heart. of
~~Rhoda~~ rage. The screwed up rose.
"I love & I hate" said Jinny. "What will be my life
Rhoda never ~~suffer~~ see ~~young~~ without hate;
because the kind Louis. I shall be

"Let us explore" said Bernard."

NYPL

I deserve one thing only. My eyes are [illegible] hand. [illegible]
break in a thousand legends. [illegible] Jenny's
altogether still down at the beach. And Rhodas are like [illegible]
[illegible] flower stalk, whole flowers. But I am already
[illegible] my perfect, though my mother still knits my [illegible]
[illegible], hems my handkerchiefs & I am a Child. [illegible] I
love & hate."

tobacco plants: white with pink petals & a heavy.

"Let us explore" said Bernard. "Let us go to Elvedon
Shall Elvedon, that lying [illegible] beneath us, on the [illegible] turf.
But when we sit close like this, our bodies touching; them make an
edge of mist, an intertwined [illegible] long [illegible] changing [illegible] "
said Bernard, "where [illegible] I melt & [illegible] talk
what may happen. [illegible] Jenny's Chart, "[illegible]
because we talk" a phrase-makers phrase".

where we melt into each other.

"I do not change" said Jinny. "I want
a new [illegible] change, said Bernard.
"I do [illegible] many words" "Know only a few words,"
said Jinny; "to describe [illegible] exactly what I see:
What is there, what phrase, like yours;
I am laid down to the same plan; but you
wander off. always with some phrase just escaping.
Nothing always."

a [illegible]: or pain:

"Let us explore." said Bernard. "Let us go to
Elvedon. Shall Elvedon, the white house lying
sunk far beneath us among those trees. We walk
down now. Shall we [illegible] The green air, like balloons;
Coming to each. Shall the table clock. with gilt
hands: among the trees: That is the [illegible] there is the
Shall boy in rubber boots with his hoop; Now we
have fallen from the tree tops to the earth. The air
no longer [illegible] it wastes, but its rolls those long
[illegible] waves that [illegible] we are now [illegible]
[illegible]

who [illegible] with outspread arms who are [illegible] the [illegible]

NYPL

The ferns have
grown like this
since I was
led Jason &
moved on
to the oak
apple.

in the private Chambers of the Ladies Jerden. Never has Ever been
here before us. I have only seen the eyes part at the eaves
road with one arm pointing 'To Elvedon'. Now we
wake the sleeping dawn who has never seen a human
form, & stand on the fallen oak apple. There is a
deep path wood which we take - Near
the flop eye plant found in the undergrowth .. & the
ladies up some primeval bank, which we take & not
under the elm. But you post on this track & look see
the road. That is Elvedon. The Lady sits between the
two long windows weeping. The flowers grasp the
Eaves with gigantic browns. We are the first to
Explore this world Jason; - it lies before us; we are
first discoverers; we are pathfinders. We should
be shot down like rats in a ditch; if they saw us now
They would aim guns at us. Do not stir; Stay
Grasp the little fern tight in the top of the wall:
Nobody has ever been here before" said Jason.
I could lay my baby down here & no body in Come /
Perhaps
But The ladies walk here between the Linnes" said
Bernard. They Here is a footpath, to visit the
Jordans I lied the bird. Run Jason: the
gardener with the beard has seen us. We shall be
Not like Jap & pursued to the Shabby door; to
We are in the horrible country. I turn
We must escape to the green wood; down a
trees as I came. There is a secret path under the
fern. Bend low as you can. Follow me without
looking. Bend under the fern. They will think we
wood. Now we are safe.
lost the wood.

we are Woods
& Weeds.

NYPL

Thatton a wood began. It beat the air with wooden wings.
I see the flash of the canary in the earth beneath: & the
felt of the slate clock ~~But no~~ fold among the green leaves.
The person beats the air with wooden wings:

"Jim look at my thumb, Bernard," so that I may look you in,
while you make phrases & so take,
Like an ass carbuncle whose stony ~~thigh~~ gems ain't genuine hard"
Jane Bernard. Gaze slowly. Sticking ~~always~~ in ash, as high up
& higher up.
You ~~escape with~~
Through the layers of the leaves to the topmost
bough & then away."

The shallow skies stand in the sky, the shelving
promontories lay ~~higher~~ & colder along the horizon,
like desolate lands ~~whose~~ where pale ~~a~~ cows
~~a boots~~ heads sit blinking at the pale sun, ~~or a~~
~~whole bear~~ ~~but no one~~ & the bear lies couched on a
ledge of ice. Big The waves broke with green
in them on the beach, & fought in, round the
ribs of the boat, ~~and~~ & found the hobbles over,
poured, & then returned, leaving bubble & foam & a
a rim of cork & straw as if some ~~light~~ skill
had foundered, ~~& the sailor~~ & its ribs had
Cracked & the sailor who was the only crew had
swum ashore & shaken the water from his
hair & wandered up the Cliff. Rags of like a
Crimson & yellow spread up & fan were, over the sky, ~~as~~ if
a woman, ~~beneath the boughs~~, had raised a fan to
~~to shade~~ to cover her beauty & given one
last. quick look ~~at the~~ through the waves at the land.

fan; a

NYPL

"all my boats have white decks" said Rhoda. "I do not
want roses, I want red flowers: hollyhocks &
geraniums. I want shallow cupped petals: like
I want that just float, when the tops the bees; but
but I have a great fleet now; for I have swimming
from there to there; but there are tremendous cliffs,
between there long tremendous cliffs I will put a twig
in, as a raft, for a drowning rat sailor. I will
drop in a pebble – that is to say I see the bubbles rise
from the depths of the sea. Neville has gone to
fetch her pen. Jinny is in the kitchen jaded with
London hours. And the Miss Hudsons spreading the
cobwebs, on the table. But first I must empty
out what I have hoarded; & I drop petals in to swim my
ships; with water drops in them; & I will plant a
light house there: the head of sweet alice. The
women have had knobs under their chairs. And I
will work the brown basin from side to side so that
some ships founder; others dash themselves against the
cliffs. One reels above. That is myself, the
fleet. For I do not want Neville, or Bernard; or Jinny: I
Water my ships with a single water drop in it floating
between icebergs, & caves of ice; with
where the sea bear banks; & the Malaysian
that have formed for millions of years hang pendant, &
The bankers boat is Jinny, & Kilt, very
& the pale blue hydrangea is Jinny; & Bernard
bubbles up from the floor; & Neville lies like
a ship made of shell; I sail in alone
at the mouth of the cave. I do not want
I have my fleet; & But I want Armadas. I want

over the
water.

tricky currents

water

which flows by

NYPL

I want crowds of shipping setting off & then I make the room me; & the waves batter them; & they founder, but mine reaches on into the main ocean, where the Calm. & the Creepers are festooned with Cockles.
Look - my Neville: my sea is crowded with ships:
Look here is a vast armada, all riding at anchor,
Look how they rub each other sides. Hunter: this
Admirals ship. that great one has, with the
curved beak. I have picked all the fallen lectals -
made them swim." ~~in the~~

Portsley
South Africa
in harbour
in Plymouth
Sound.

" ~~I saw~~ The dead rat in the strawberry bed is
white with maggots." said Neville. "You can not
see the rat for the maggots. I want Bernard: because he has
I want ~~his~~ my Knife. We were in the wood shed, making boats.
~~Had~~ Bernard ~~went off with~~ has my
Knife; ~~& he will~~ the beast follows anyone,
~~because he~~ he goes off, with his hair full of
chips; & he has not done nothing, but cut ~~with~~ his Knife in
his hand, & ~~he never & he takes~~ he screwed, in
~~Mother's. he sees & Hyacinth~~ & has taken the
boat fallen, without a mast; & he takes the Knife.
I hate Susan. I hate them, &.

NYPL

"Amabo, amabas, amabat, amabamus, amabatis,
amabant" said Neville Jenny. "What an
~~What~~ a regular, like a stone that one looks up on the sea shore."
said Jenny. I ~~have frequently~~ heard
I ~~like Lord~~ they, said Bernard. ~~which~~ suddenly beneath them
~~fade, that grows off.~~ fade & die off in the dist or the
light" said Bernard. "They a poem in words; ~~over their~~ head.
a sentence is a work of agency, not rapture, it breathes ~~in a~~ new in
the light, new in the shadow"
Agricola ~~was a husbandman~~, said Rhoda;
But ~~we like~~ I like the Gaelic ends of Grammar; said
Neville: ~~the imperfect differs from the perfect~~. So that
one cannot stumble; ~~the two~~ there is the perfect. The imperfect
& imperfect. There is majesty in the word. There is
authority.
Now we have ~~done praying~~; said Rhoda; &
how close the story of the husbandman, cultivating his
land. & ~~then we~~ Now we must do what
how we shall be set a term. Suppose eight men
~~The husbandman~~ cultivated his land" said Jenny.
Now that we have read the story the husbandmen, said
Jenny, all ~~their~~ tolerable & the misery is over, & I am
~~Come to my first sorrow~~: ~~I am faced with sorrow~~ I
It ~~has~~ ~~Jenny~~ has Miss Nedra has shut that book. The new
She has drawn that up the story held & the man with a
plough. ~~Now, the day~~, & I am now exposed to the
horror of these unintelligible ~~sorrows~~ sorrows. And here I
sit with my mind facing at the fence, & the thin
figures, & then they shout at me, & I cannot
move. Nanny take that out of my mind. Miss
Watten on the board; a great fly & a cross &
a bar in white chalk. Louis answers Jenny

Fuero fuero
fuerunt" said
Jenny; those
are yellow; being
words. I should
like to be clothed
in shades & be
like that.

Rise

Rhoda

NYPL

anymore; Bend & Nevelle argue both together. Now I am
listen. I can see only a loop: a small loop in the
black board. Now they go out to play for ten minute;
in the garden - And I sit here. while Mrs Nudge gives her
Chan: & me the leave me; to do my lesson. alone with
these flagged marks. & dogs barking far away: & door bang.
under the clock. Let me then imagine: that so that I
may not cry; left alone a I am: with the rule cyphy
thrown scattering - Let me imagine. The Clock is a Beast; &
the hands claw it. a slow beast; & the hands start together,
to cross the dial together: Each bar is an oar; but this
little hand, which is me, is now left behind. reaching slowly
painfully over the barked pebble: but the big hand,
moves on; goes faster; & touch it fails, comparison for the
little hand, can not stay with it: One cannot wait for the other
Or may go. The world drops back far away. Life is
beginning Nobody can stay. We are separate - We are
drowned, like Convicts stranded in the desert sand. The
big hand cannot stay with me. The world drop
back in the dust. The other stay in the garden. Time
alone with the time. I fill the loop with six
with time: It breaks off in my page & falls
ominously with ash the wound in the house. with doom:

NYPL

he He has gone & the white earth with its furrows. Miss Linden has shut the book. Now the terror is beginning. The lies ~~Drawers~~ drawers ~~lines of~~ figures on the black board. What is the answer? The others are working already. Even Bernard begins to work. But the figures remain out there. The I am barred out. I cannot do as they tell me. The others are giving their answers. The rider they mount stallion. The others are allowed to go. I am left alone to find the answer. The clock ticks. The two hands are two cowboys, marching through the desert. One, the shorter, is left alone. The bronco has to forage; he goes on, by himself. The wicked dogs bark far away. I hear the clang of the kitchen door. The clock ticks. ~~Now gradually the Now is something~~ how the loops of the 8s begin to fill with meaning. If you ~~I~~ drew the figures 8s on my page slowly enclose the enclose words. There it ticks; ~~there is the word,~~ it is reality; while we are playing about outside; & the dogs bark; & they scream in the garden. And I am only a few blows about the grass val rider of the figures; while pushes a my hoop. ~~In~~ as I join the circle here, far"

Use like bird pecks it away and this he flies

NYPL

"Look at that rat
Poor Rhoda ~~is not looked after~~ looking at the black board"
said Louis & Bernard; "~~sits staring at spaces~~ inside; while we
Ramble on; & I ~~think~~ & I think the stars ~~as often~~ had
~~between~~ Now as the words ~~—~~ we ~~have~~ thrust the window — he
Grey eyes, ~~with the effect~~ ~~between~~ he body light shaky white eyes:
~~between~~ silver grey; & slips into those chalk circles
on ~~the~~ on the ~~blackboard~~; & so stands; only ~~he~~
her thin white thumbs ~~meet~~ a cross he bends like
the wagtail a ~~mark to~~ the a small ~~between~~ cabbage white. She is
the least embodied of us all. She is the most distant.
"Let us now crawl under the arch of the currant
leaves; let us inhabit the underwood" said Bernard,
let us take possession of ~~this~~ this secret territory;
which is lit by ~~the~~ candelabra; ~~by~~ the currants; like ladies
red as are dirt; black as the other: there I may;
if we curl up close we can sit under the leaves
nobody will see us. This is ~~our world~~ Ours.
The others walk down the ~~Mrs~~ Alice Hudson & Mrs
Curry with the Mrs of Mr Hudson & Mrs
Curry with jam like great ~~&~~ tongues: & the
~~little~~ Jews ~~Jesus~~ works: & Louis's meat and
Shoes; & ~~soon~~ Here we are secluded. In this
They hallow us in. Here are warm pits of
decomposed leaves; & rotting vegetation. Flame
There is a dead rat ~~which~~ white with maggots by the bear tree.
The bright eyes & hopping birds are ~~in~~ in this jungle. They
may mistake us for ~~the trunk~~ tree trunks or for
~~boots~~ a rubbish heap. They ~~leave~~ the heck at a
& flicky creeper

perh. Rhoda takes note of leaf

& the

pacing on the flame.

NYPL

as a worm, & leave stuck a leaf every now & then to eat. Here
This is our wood; ~~& this~~ to walk dark green, with
crescents & stars of dancing light; & ~~two~~ great petals,
semi-transluscent, blocking the openings, ~~as~~ like purple
windows; & Everything ~~[illegible]~~ is strange. The stalks &
flowers are thick as oak trees: The the leaves are
high as cathedral domes: & we are giants. ~~but~~ So.
This "~~I've thought~~ Now we've got under the current here;
Jenny." So that's ~~then~~ we shall never meet again."
said Jenny. "When you are at one level; & I am at
another. & you have water, with white lies; & I have a
head resting ~~[illegible]~~, under a great pasture of
Queen Alexandra, on the east coast. That is where I am
going. And ~~And~~ This ~~which is before~~ ~~we shall~~ But we
must ~~not~~ only remember these Curacy beaches, among the birds, dried with
bitter lights. & Even now the wind beats, we are deserted
Upstairs. Look at my hand, mottled like snakes skin.
& my face, ~~as~~ ~~[illegible]~~ with ~~[illegible]~~ lands. And your face is
like ~~[illegible]~~ a rock,
"Now the heat is going into the sun" said Bernard. "The
leaves ~~[illegible]~~ that shadows over us. ~~It is not be late.~~
Now Rhoda. Miss Curry has blown them whistles. We
must creep out of our wood Jenny; out of our jungle; &
stand up again. ~~Say here~~ There are trees & dust in your
hair: we must go back to the town. Miss Curry
is taking us for a long walk. Miss Hudson is
getting

NYPL

We must form into pairs, & walk, in order, ~~not laggard~~, not
thus the town;
thus thus with our feet. no laggard; no looking at hoops & thus
in windows; no jumping on posting. no ~~what~~ ?
like the wound of dark glass of the pavements beat;
those blessed eyes; And then, we got out of the pavements beat;
no pulling hands; no finding hair; just in; no blessed eyes on
these glass in the pavement:
with hoops & coloured glass.
(Jane) am supposed to be two ~~rash~~ rash. Jane & Linda.
delicate to go with the others, and Neville, I
shall use this hour of solitude, to read this hour of
leisure, to read about the troubles of the house in
search of adventure. I will & to unwrap what
I heard about the dead man through the swing door
last night. as they were I heard them say as they were
through the dampers. He was found with his
throat cut". At that moment the ~~postman~~ ~~stopped~~ ~~heart~~ became
fixed on the thing, & the ~~white~~ moon stood still, &
I was unable to lift my foot up the stair. His
blood flowed down the gutter. ~~Jane. The tears~~
came ~~that~~ Thereupon him, & the moon ~~I cant face say text~~
Through this ~~eye~~ see I shall call this structure,
this regularly ' Death among the cobble trees'.
When everything ~~trees~~ ~~I shall be shaken~~ I shall
~~always be my hope~~ the repeating text some unmade gates
free; with crumbled bark; some unfed cobble tree; &
the whole of my life will be unravelling & I
shall ~~shall~~ ~~hands to~~ be unable to
see that my mind from the moon, think under
this, in a lifeless text, or to make the
trees, or to see my face. surmount this unintelligible obstacle.
the cold body this necessity: Now, stir hair; see
are we all.

I am a little boy: but I

her towel was white on a cool foot.

pulling out

lenses) set stood & then are seen

NYPL

& I might astronomi
I mount the stair, making my survey of the puddles & the horses,
while the others guess nothing. Or
when the linoleum is thangled with morning beams rings, &
a crack of light kindles upon the wall, making the
chaos leap seem broken."

"And I saw Florrie in the kitchen garden" said Jenen. "as
we came back put on weight hay among the with the clothes
blowing round her: pyjamas & petticoats. And
Ernest kissed her: he was in his barge apron, cleaning the
silver: & his mouth was like a flame, drawn together, &
he dodged he kissed her with the pyjamas hanging
flying out between them. Flushed in the sun. His
mouth was like a flame: & he dodged her. His
In his great rage he did not see me; nor did she. She was
drowning in crystal, only reverse red veins stood
streaked the whiteness of her cheeks. Although they
had round plates of bread & butter, & whole cups of white
milk I am aware of that the rough, the pinned, the
roughness, hardness; of pinned mouths: & pink veined
white flesh veined with red; I am not afraid. I am
reluctant; terrified, as if a gape in the earth had
gaped; & hot steam had heard up. & it clouded the
tea urn; & I am blown hard like the striped by Jamas:
I am aware of the pattered rain, & the frozen stillness of
the night waste night; white my breast is wet
breast & milk. I sup the sweet milk." & the
Jenen And Rhoda dreams, sucking at a bit of crust,
dipped into her tea: & Louis regard the wall
with his marble-coloured eyes: & Bernard make his
head into bullets, & calls them armies of
by different names. Neville, with his clean & discreet

Crack in the Earth: hot steam bursting up.

Others

NYPL

wave. has done: & rolled his habitat neatly though its silver
ring."

"Now we stand up, ~~with our hands behind us~~, & pray in
begun," said ~~Neville~~ Louis; Mrs Curry ~~the~~ Shakes the
harmonium. & opens the Hymn book
Good for our day; & beggging him to keep us safe
while we sleep. Calls ~~over~~ ~~all~~ children, ~~we call another, all~~
when we are old, when we are trembling with
apprehension: then she went to pray together;
leaning slightly, I towards Susan, not for support,
but to feel that we are leaned against the towers of
darkness, the ~~tiny~~ demons ~~who~~ the towers of the
~~Underwood~~ darkness. I am for a second no longer
aching my arm.
And now, we troop upstairs "Send Bernard,
clattering like ~~little~~ horses. ~~to the bathroom~~. And
Mr Carlisle. Just in a bath towel, rubs her great
~~Mr. is now Lady~~ ~~Mrs~~ brown ~~fur~~ under the
Lemon coloured thorpe.
her walk. It is heavy, ~~brown~~, is now ~~blue~~. heavy.
power. high above my head: and the drops how
I ~~let~~ down the runnel of my ~~then~~ starting
Exquisite shocks of acute regret, arrows of ~~the~~ Christian
hyper. my dry ~~limbs~~ are ~~it~~ wakes, & my
the wetness my ~~tits~~ ache cramp my body & I
am ~~there~~ & stand steaming. ~~And the~~
~~the~~ hot towels ~~surely~~ me: ~~my~~ ~~I am~~ then coolly
Now clad in my white hyacinth & laid down,
~~On the~~ ~~body~~ are ~~this~~ sheet over me, in this shallow
this yellow hyper, such as ~~sleep~~ ~~on the sea~~
~~Draws at dawn~~ like the yellow wash that ~~a~~
wave draws on the beach."

NYPL

& Her rough hair, as I rub my back, makes my blood burn; &
& Rich & heavy & many coloured sensations
from Shower down from the ~~day; &~~ Entire day; like
& Fit my pyjamas loosely round me, & lie under one
Then that, ~~as the~~ afloat in the shallow light
which is like a film of water drawn over my eyes & thus
by a wave. & I hear far away though it a ~~great~~
Chorus: which, drops, shapes itself; & men enter barrows;
a ~~great~~ chorus; beginning.

"So I put off ~~the~~ my frock & chemise" said Rhoda: "so I
held up my fruitless attempt ~~to~~ to ~~be~~ be like Jinny.
~~Now~~ I stretch my ~~toes~~ ~~like they feel~~ ~~grip~~ to the rail at the end of the
~~bed. I wait always~~ ~~to~~ to assure myself of something had.
Now I know, my body in this final matter, ~~this~~
~~I float as the~~ ~~indeed~~ above the ground. & I am no longer
upright, bunched about. I ~~take my flight.~~ The
walls & cupboards ~~are~~ ~~be~~ comers; whelm; ~~they~~ ~~are~~ into
yellow shapes, as by ~~gulph~~ a pale flare steams.
I drift gently ~~away~~ ~~bleeding theatre~~, ~~as thinly~~
I ~~am~~ ~~in the~~ ~~repeat~~ ~~my~~ ~~contract~~ ~~interruption~~; ~~over my~~ ~~as this~~
& think without ~~my~~ ~~nobody~~ interrupted by Neville, or the ~~bedside~~ ~~key~~
~~Jostling each~~ under the kept which rocks; all
~~Jostling each~~ ~~then in Playground~~ ~~word~~; the vanity shelves.
The Armadas; ~~Nature~~. ~~Men dark whole & the~~ Sea.
~~Land Coloured in the hair~~; I am roused at: I am no
longer hearing; I am ~~returned~~ a hard contact, & ~~land~~
collision. I am ~~leaving~~ under ~~the~~ ~~day~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~which~~ falls. Suddenly
I ~~am~~. I wake
I feel. That was a great pulse.
Rock the cone of the enclosed eyes. Let me not

NYPL

Yes - these veils, with the flowers glow - I am only falling asleep. I am need
surrounded gale comers: I am Lotus waves, my muscles are strong;
relax, softer down enfolds me. The - are the plumes on my. &
the black leaves are on my eyes. And Traveler keeps the
darkness I see that - I feel - I am aware of those
strange apparitions who lead me down the Kolchian fields.
Come & let me eat your ham, says that Mrs Carlisle; because
you and her come in a carriage - you know Jo - do I
fly - yes I can see; I may not bound; I may touch the
ground with the tips of my toes. And for my aunt a widow -
lets in a corner the carriage, by the train. I have been dreaming my
Let me close my eyes again, let me exhaust this
let me drink this extraordinary vacation - this the fear & dark &
Anarchy: I have been interrupted; I want to drink this
dream again: & to float further, further. Black
Under ca chaun pendant; under pendent fronds. I
recept

NYPL

follow this ~~weird~~ thread of chance, &
The ~~in a mask~~ has mowing yellow plumes, & ~~a red~~ & ~~got~~ is
horrid, to terrify; with eyes ~~staged~~ like blue marbles:
~~for that I want~~, & so Then is only a Dream- I see the
bottom plain. Yet I must go down again & dream it out;
~~pressure to the~~ I ~~must~~ do ~~going~~ & ~~pursue~~ & ~~for~~ & ~~find~~ Fly down
Come ~~& me then astonishing~~ the ~~pain~~ & ~~the they~~ ~~it~~ ~~following~~ with me then Great
Cave
~~Cattle~~ of darkness with narrow ledges- I must penetrate
deep & deep & let the waters roll over my head
& I penetrate. & explore & not follow these ~~the~~ vainly
then they seem in Chunks, in flashes, Then down
Elongated, effusing violet elevation, stains & marks,
was very edge, oh & tears & astonishing Joy,
Overwhelming, Mighty even as I come, & leaving me to
~~Death~~ making

Now the Lady who was couched under the sea
raised her ~~Cauldron~~ a little, so that to steam but the
~~Pool~~
waters reached on her ~~Throne~~ table; & I the Waters
& that Maple rose dazzling into the air; & the Curtain
of the sea was clouded: sprinkled; & the
waves seemed to thicken & darken, They
broke with deliberation on the shore, making the boat
~~Swim~~; heaving hoards. by the sea holly; & the rocks
what had been tombs & mossy ~~seat~~ hardened into stone
were red clefts in them & ~~the~~ Among the
letters on the sand were huge cyphers, & rays, pearl white.-
the ~~bold~~ ~~the letters~~. The bird ~~flew in Class~~
who had been singing in chorus round the ~~se~~ lovers
up & down in the ~~sea~~, now rose in flights,

Many towards me with a doll.

& Then I saw Cathedrals & lofty glens

The dead whelmed the sand was broken by Pools of gentleness pierce holes

NYPL

at the long q window, & rolled again; ~~then~~ one, in bright at the moon in the channel under the leaves: we looked then: last there were not red stars to look: nearly bobbed her head back: while one bird, perched close to the window & sang; And the The ~~twilight cut~~ a beam q sun for boys to blunder upon the window, made a & sketched the tablecloth with fine wires & suddenly found the knives to shine q bright flowers & ~~red~~; & Suddenly one bird on the tree & plant on the table, Violet azaleas & Rhododendron flowers, green vein — leaves, and the ~~effect of~~ Effect of breaking into light bird had set it working & Chiming across & Curious mind, hearing a faint Carillon, beating its hard clatter against white walls.

with a core of warmth in the room close to the window, as q to make the sleeper.

NYPL

at the bay of a door, & rebbed again; ~~Then one~~, the Knight at
the woman in the chamber under the leaves: we looked them:
Lest them were not red them to look; wealthy clothed her
Head Shelter: whole one bird, perched close to the
window & gay; And the The ~~Sunlight cut~~ a beam of
Sun for Eager the Blinds upon the window, made a
& Etched the tablecloth with gold wisps & bright flecks &
suddenly Send the Knives to shiver of ~~Red~~ &
Suddenly one bird on the ~~the~~ & plant on the table,
Upset agenda & Shook out a flower, green veins —
Fevery, & the ~~effect of~~ Effort of breaking out of the
bird had set it working & Chiming ~~Bells~~ &
Curious music, healing a faint Carolla, beating its
Head clothes against white walls.

write a Cone of
Warmth in the room
close to him
window, as of
to make the
Nest.

Then Jinny came ~~to the door~~ heard the door. She looked sulky.
Bernard ~~ran after her and took his knife from her~~ ran after her. He followed her.
His hair was full of chips. He took the ~~my~~ knife, the sharp one, ~~with which he~~ & cuts the heel. So he
Bernard ~~he has friends~~; like the is like a ~~telegraph~~ wire, ~~vibrating~~
he ~~any~~ round twangs in him; & then he goes, ~~leaving me~~
~~with my boat~~, taking my knife; & I can not finish
the boat; I ~~can not~~ ~~tell~~ he leaves me, he leaves anyone, her
is ~~like a~~ fish: he has no heart; ~~there is no reason~~
why should he follow Jinny? ~~only~~ to hear his own
voice. And his promise ~~is~~ is broken. He is a
has no faith, no stability. a fool will make him
leave My ~~knife~~ ~~are~~ are in his pocket. He has my knife; &
perhaps. & Jinny cries. he will say, that he has a
present for her; & he will ~~put it in her hand~~, give it
her. telling her stories about each blade. ~~which the~~
will not hear; for Jinny is ~~stupid~~. She cares only
to She one is an Emperor. ~~The~~ Then one is a ~~stupid~~ wood we go.
And ~~therefore~~ But ~~Jinny~~ hate incoherency; I hate
laughing sound, like ~~but~~ those is brothers wives:
like to ~~pinch the skin to~~ make both sides
precisely equal; & I must have teeth in the other one;
when I go out with Bernard I want him only; not
Jinny.) distant Closed hastily the door. &
stillness when I want to measure the boat to the
fraction of an inch. I detest the roaring & the
wanderings & meaning one feeling with another.
how the bell rings for lessons. We shall be late.'
We must go into Here are the others. We must
~~they~~ Go in together. The ~~other~~ books are laid out.
on the green baize table:

~~with~~

~~He~~ ~~like a~~ like a
Old bell
were, -

~~He~~ ~~like~~ like
sea weed hung
over ~~ya~~
window.

But this
my
knife.

3. 8.
5
10
4. 3
4.

NYPL

I try not to come but I do come after all

in a Square.

brother pleasure as Mrs Hepburn

Whom I dislike as Kate-

Australian Latin am.

"The others distress me", dear Louis, "because I speak with an Australian accent. My father is a banker in Brisbane. Jessamy father is a clergyman in Pitlochry Perthshire. Rhoda has no father. Neville is the son of a gentleman & Bernard is the son of a gentleman. Jinny lives with a grandmother who has great Cabinets full of rings. I am how we are Now They suck their pens! how they frost their Tweed Then Cobey Waller. Bernard has a paper knife & then more. Now what Susan has red rims to her eyes. I am the only. I am the only with I speak with an accent but I know everything this Venice: I know Hastily; Neville is my only friend; I know more than they will ever know.

I know I know Caves & flowers; I know the book of Solomon the account. And I have not I could know everything if I wished. But I am so sad; my feet are duller than theirs. I think with the fishes that are all thickened about the eyes. I am only mad have only a little & to come up here & live in this light, under this great yellow face where moon Clock is against. Oh that I could be I emerge painfully: by degrees; I perceive the enormous burden that wants me; how, of love. I shall have painfully to bind together my old & peculiar; & wander Jinny & Jane. Neville. Bernard; What have to grasp them in my hand. hand & throw as they are; like a heavy bluster stones; & whip. I will to unclasp Bernard Wyt- English theatre.

Via. Ad Venice nunc ad voluptates
agricolarum, quibus ego incredibiliter delector ...

NYPL

"Now it's time" said Bernard, "the cab is at the door."
My boy bends down George's manly legs even wider. he lays a the
The horrible ceremony is over — the fulsome ceremony; my mouth,
my mother wipes my cheek behind the curtain. And now we
plunge forward, through the streets, & I not liking to stop.
But now we plunge forward; & everybody seems to be doing
things for the moment; & not again. My darling, & dear James
now we just jump to stop, Let's read Shall James jump to school
& publish Thirsk & shall now be "facing the life boy
nobly" is known somewhere even to the housemaid: what is
is that Cockle manger. Now The awful mortals gape: &
the moon faced clock whacks, I believe to be always
five minutes fast, urging me as a voyager bound on an
intensely I must make phrases; & phrases; in order not to
interpose something galvanic between my to desire to
cry & the horribly & thing strange word or
or I shall Expound, I shall cry: But I die Louis: My dear
Neville, They are in long coats with little canes. We all
look solemnly grown up."
"It stops, it stops, it stops," said Louis.
"We are drawn through the boiling ebbing as a
stream it draws tugs. Where round the piers or
bridge" said Louis. "There is the very brownish
bottle green engine, without a neck, all back &
thigh, breathing steam. The green flag is dipped; &
& without any effort, with a little slap, like that wheel
an avalanche [illegible] it rolls, we start forward,
launched, & this not the other into England. the ships are left
Bernard starts begins to play knucklestones.
But I want the London crumble. At At first
There is the real bustle & changes & towers: there's a

wears.
like the cows
in Jays.
The sense that
prayer moves
is perpetually
acting.

NYPL

& then a hill made Cut about with red roses

Church: there's a ship's mast. Look Ber Neville. That's a Canal. Now there are often theatres with asphalte baths; & Then a field with a game of Football going on; & Then Cows; & Then a Tent a white Englishmen's Country house with a post bridge across a stream, & a man Crossing the weary fields: London has crumbled like a Pt

The three are talking: Hugh has levelled his arm to fire at a pheasant. Edgar says "My uncle is the Finest Shot in England". Tom says "My Governess is a master of fox hounds". Boasting has begun. And Bernard "My father is a Banker at Burstane. Thank with an Australian accent."

"We have arrived" said Bernard. Neville. "That is the figure of our Adventure Traveller, a boy. standing on the Quayside with his in the Headlight. Already the lights are lit in the Schoolrooms; in the Perhaps those are Cubicles with; that Her a Room of the Library, where I shall indeed make my own, word ask the Exact Exactitude of the Latin Language; it noble a Triumph Stepping firmly upon the wide laid Pavements, & Rome as Rome Scale the mound the temple, the obelisk a with perfectly Explicit words of Caesar, Cicero; & this Verse with a harmony that is never obscure a formula the eye loves to Contemplate. And I shall in the fields, among tickling grasses. That is the headmaster & Comes in his Gown: unfortunately he plants my 2e radicals. He this Cart is. He is always the Centre of the radiations. "He is a Craggy old man" said Bernard "with a

a Book in his hand.

A noble roman air hangs over the austere Coombs.

"He is a Craggy old man" said Bernard "with a

NYPL

a nose like a mountain at sunset: & he has black bushy
eyebrows: he ~~wears slippers, as he addresses us,~~ & his
& a clothes brush chin like a wounded raven's nest on a
hot day in the French ~~frame~~. He wears slippers as he
addresses us; & when he hears the word knocks ~~slippers~~
from side to side & ~~that~~ hurls his way through the
swing door in a highly impressive manner. The other
masters imitate him.

"I hate the South East
I hate the whole Potato, Muddy & Lindeum," said Jerry. "I hate
this huge, very new, tremendously healthy great school, on the coast.
I hate the wind howling round. I hate the sanatary tiles. I
hate the vegetarian cheerful glazed look of everything.
And then There are not even real cows here, but School
Cows, & I remember my squeaky, my door; & the smell
of the greenhouse; & the slam of the kitchen door; & the
the bells of ~~that~~ church the leaves when Percy tries at his
work. ~~But here~~ they all far away; & I beg,
the tears form I cannot keep back my tears; although
Jerry & Rhoda ~~unperceived~~ ~~unfortunately not perceived~~ ~~slightly weakening~~ them.
seem perfectly happy: & Miss & look at
Miss Lambert, the head mistress, who sits under a
picture of Queen Alexandra; & a piece of embroidery.
I am crying."

"But I like to watch The purple light in Miss Lambert's
eyes as she lays her prayer book; ~~she~~ said Rhoda; now
Jerry leaning ~~up~~ down again the bars
that the oak boxes are all unlocked, & we sit
here ~~just leaving at School~~, together, ~~in this vast Cathedral~~ aisle,
among masses of the wood; & desks with little wells for
the ink. I am now nobody. I have no face. ~~No~~ This
Great company ~~has robbed~~ me of my ~~all~~ dread,
in brown & what has robbed me of my identity.

I wear the Kitchen door flung;

NYPL

I will look out a face — the wife's steady face of some
perfectly commonplace girl, or woman, who has nothing to
wonder at; & work this as a tablecloth, hidden under my
frock. I think I can find no doubt some dingle in one of the
woods where I can display my little assortment of
treasures: & being able ~~to keep my~~

That matches has a dress like the linnet's eye thick" said
Jinny. For summer evenings that would be nice.
But for the autumn I should like a red dress
that matches which would ~~match~~ rather rough to the fingers:
the ~~threads~~ & then when they light the lamps this
red ~~dress~~. I would like to put on something as thin as
veil. Perhaps I would the silver; perhaps gold.
gauzy; So fine that I could let it round my bare legs, & arms,
cool, caressing. And then I should pirouette gaily
to a gilt chair, & swaying a little from side to
side." But I do," Miss Lambert however negatives all
this; in the ~~picture~~ an opaque a grey dress that falls like a grey
Wallace Carlade, & a soft mist round her neck; & as
as she reads the prayer, ~~the people~~ her whole figure
frames marks the pieces a curtain that on the
stage."

Dr. "Now Dr Crane mounts the pulpit, said Louis, in
his billowing robes, to read the lessons. Spread them on the
back of a brass eagle. ~~He has grey~~ I rejoice in
his bulk & his majesty, in his great nose, in his
bushy eyebrows: in his authority. I feel that he
lays to rest, all the dancing dust in my rememberer
agitated mind: with its humiliating memories — her

NYPL

when we danced round the Christmas tree, they forgot ~~to give~~ me a present. And the fat lady in bright red said "This little boy has no presence, & gave me a funny bag: & I burst into tears: all is ruled by his authority & his cruelty; & I began again to recover the sense I had once of continuity & time continuing, with & my being like the whole eye whose that turns ~~incessantly~~ & turns; & I have been in the dark: I have been hidden; ~~I have been kept apart~~ from the Great Ceremony which now proceeds on this June Sunday in October, & will proceed, when "It ~~has~~ has" the Oracle menaces my independence" said Neville. "& I" Splendid as the words are - the manner his ~~unthought~~ authority. ~~Look at Percival.~~ How only vivent Rodin-Cuban phrase as I listen: How only mock & jibe at this mad ulysses; at these senseless - glue stricken legends adrift candle-eyed & wounded ~~now in the~~ white outside, & the pumps is creaking; & one hears occasionally the hoot of a motor car. Look at Percival. ~~He~~ ~~has~~ lyes to us again. He ~~has~~ to be a spy at the little curl of hair on the nape of his neck. He ~~has~~ sits monumental, regarding the pews in front, breathing through his beautiful straight nose rather heavily. His small choleric eyes are lyed with pagan indifference upon the pulpit. ~~He has an air of~~ Then, with that ~~almost~~ Endearing, most ~~unhuman~~ ~~of~~ fashion, he ~~sticks~~ his hand to the back of his head. He is like a Roman Soldier, rare for that.

"~~He~~ The doctor growls, like a said Bernard. His voice ~~was~~ menaces the dawn & the whole butter flies to

now the wheel turns. I am him, on Chapel this Sunday morning;

down a grey

I will steal a look at

NYPL

Lowden "~~Lord~~ ~~The Hail of the Heavy~~ The words fall like Hail.
Now behold, – Everything is choked up; no longer And Celia
looks as if butter-ed - not melt; & we all hold ourselves in
incredibly rich attitudes; & ~~but~~ then a bluebottle
buzz buzzes over the lectern: no shiv dome smash moth.
We shall certainly have down at St Stiffen on the Dulwich
hend - We shall give way to the heat up. dense — I can
hardly contain the unremarkable pleasure that Jane
makes. Now - a pond money for pleasure. But as the Man
shrank them, they are useless. I want to hear the
Echoes my voice echoing down the lonely valleys of the
West. I want to unfurl my observations: to
unstable the dark: & to say that Whole
Coal Celia, in all her crazy bound prayer book,
ignored really like a hollow figure. I any tremendously
fearful this money. But object love me. Have not
rest in the contemplative objects. That tree,
for example. Shading the magpies outside from Lyric
is no more than that. Whereas Louis can
contemplate nature by the hour. Let me now
Exchange my library, as the so Trophy entry Chapel,

NYPL

Now we move off hastily. We press a thistle together. Beyond this wood lies the playing field, & on this a holy holiday we shall rattle down among the long grass, ~~Gathering on~~ Coarse Clarkey our knees with our hands ~~we shall lick~~ in a circle. Outside ~~The~~ Grand ~~to~~ & talk ~~about the~~

The Duke the Archduke marshal-played

Everybody follows Percival "round Lorum: He is heavy. He is clumsy. His majesty-ance is simply that of some mediaeval commander. Look at us trooping ghi- him across the playing fields. A wake of light seems to ~~him~~ seem to be on the grass behind him. ~~for~~ We are following him in some Europan, he faithful & valiant servants; his to be their three Kings. For he is well calamity Jane in battle. He is ~~Stupid~~, ~~Silently~~ stupid. ~~to~~ My heart turns with; admires my pride, as I walk ~~on~~ behind him- Therefore, ~~Laughter in the pryke~~. Dragon on for the Christ-decree to share in his magnificence. I am with two dominant desires: ~~with~~ love this magnificent ~~with~~ jealousy: I ~~envied~~ who am so much his superior

"Now" said Neville, Bernard will begin; ~~she~~ he has begun already. ~~He has~~ Drawn. ~~He~~ will tell us the ~~Story~~. There is always a story. ~~The Doctor~~ There is always a narrative to be made out of Everything. One thing ~~leads~~ ~~leads~~ to the trouble along. ~~He has observed the way in which~~ The headmaster's daughter looks over her prayer book. ~~He~~ has observed Everything like that. He is a ~~narrator~~. But he is And the headmaster, cutting his whole I spend the odd marked figure the cuttuck, money waste Still legs: ~~The~~ like Augustus: a ~~tea~~, legs back

NYPL

the clouds like tufts of cotton wool in the blue. The
glasses basin & bow arrangement where the mean. One
pickets the nose of Perceval. The stumps &
legguy like, Evans with legs to them, too. The
Bird ~~Everton~~ one Number. This must be the end of the
Innings. But this not. another bubble up.
~~This~~ And Worms are the whole crowd were
& cursing & flowing; as I look into the sky: the
Cap the ball is heard up there; the match seem
played up there. "like a camel with an
enormous hump & lanthorn jaws, & very thin legs..."
The meat went bulging down her lean red neck." Now
I have the glass, & see the New Jersey - Catch it -
There upon. Are they saying that to the Cricket
match: or are they applauding the ~~the~~ of
Bernard phrases? Let me the word bubbles
phrase that rise like bubbles from the bowl of champagne.
The silvery mock phrase, which suddenly cast a better net!
for Bernard's imagination Hush the slow flow
of Perceval's huge form recumbent. ~~He~~ the heat is
felted on his nose. Now he is shaken with a curious
silent guffaw; for he never speaks. But he sanctions
the proceedings. And then, now that Perceval has stopped
& is looking at the Cricket. Bernard's image is over.
We may take stops & look at the cricket

& But

NYPL

~~the~~ whiteness. And Bernard goes on talking:
as they bubble - these phrases - & one feels,
That's a good one - there it goes - watch that - as it
leaves his the last word leaves his lips, & then they The
long ~~series~~ comparisons, similes, and the images, comparing
someone to a camel, with an enormous bale of blankets on
his back: then ~~to a~~ "the meat went bulging down
his thin red neck -" he has turned from a camel to a
vulture - ~~that is what I dislike~~: when a camel turns to
vulture? but he is very helpful: one would not have
~~thought that he could do so easily~~ thought that he
would find that similes: but & as I said, how relieved one
feels, as the similes come right: how indeed, but as he
talks, one feels a lightness come over one: I am speaking
one feels: I am liberated. ~~But this~~ Let him go on;
Even the ~~school~~ little boys with pink cheeks feel
~~at~~ that same abandonment: they like this better than
cricket. ~~And I like the~~ and we are all getting to
being his readers in the grass. ~~He~~
the sense of Persons lying beam
His curious Gulliver, sent to sanction the affair. But
now he has rolled himself over. He is, I think, chewing
a piece of grass. Perhaps he began to feel bored.
Bernard ~~perceives that he feels as the boys~~ feels the.
I detect his effort. The next phrase is a little forced.
Percival is speech to delicate sentiments. The
similes therefore fails of fidelity. Bernard now The
Perfect moment has come, when the making up
process has failed. There is no longer any response.
He becomes heavy & dark limbed. He can think of
nothing to say.

NYPL

"~~Do not~~ Let me try then," said Louis, "in one moment of supreme endeavour, ~~to see Beyond. Reflect not.~~ to fix this moment. ~~When seen~~ This is eternal - This will endure. Our fingers touches up. Here are going out to sea, to the reds; I am about to take my leave of Mr. Witham. But we I will confess to myself, this afternoon I (whom a) am, Christ ~~Have Escaped~~ must record, here, one of those assemblies Ecstatic moments. (how Shall) I name them? - which come in a rush now & then; ~~as~~ when, from hatred - Jealousy; when from duress & discord - ~~do~~ they) not despise. a father who clerk in such misery as Benn - so vague, so wordy - do) that who exert the immense supremacy of Fortune over me! - his body his accents: ~~his perfect command of~~ all the same, suddenly ~~waste~~ my shattered mind is clear with love & admiration: with enthusiasm. I am then a lover. I am then made up into one. Then I ~~perfect~~ (not only like a flute of light before Charm like this flowing & blown; & the passing air that touches to the edges of the leaves; I feel it: & then we have sat in a very deeply bowed hyp the Lyre remember those of some combatants. Now we go."

The moment here passed and Jinny

NYPL

These whitewings will some day be shared. We shall not always give out a sound like a beaten gong as one sensation strikes after another. So far our lives have been sensations: violent ~~thickening~~ blows violently on the nape of the neck. ~~Suddenly~~ I ~~began to perceive~~ Now, the grass & trees, the ~~a~~ blue ~~the~~ sky, the flowers, the fragrant air, the traveling ~~air~~, the ~~blue~~ spaces ~~then~~ in the blue, over me on the grass, ~~the~~ ~~Coolness~~ & from something everlasting. Even though Percival blunders off, ~~we~~ wallowing; ~~though the~~ with the ~~small~~ pain mechanic inherent ~~in~~ ~~craft~~ following behind.

hints at some unity; some profound & everlasting order. at some complex ~~Conspiracy~~ Communion

Month has followed month, ~~and~~ year ~~after~~ & after year to ~~after~~ this. There are white days & days of rain. Now summer. We now wear white frocks & play tennis. Some are friends; ~~Some~~ others are enemies. Each ~~year~~ event each step ~~is~~ a day progress. ~~I~~ regard I tear off one day & know ~~it~~ ~~is~~ to be built. I then ~~bury it~~ ~~I~~ do this mindlessly; as ~~I~~ everyone myself upon ~~this hideous~~ the days; weakening my will upon its image. ~~It~~ has been a wealth. ~~It~~ all ~~had~~ is ~~just~~ made thing, ordered, ~~fashioned~~ punctual, with songs, with lessons, with orders to wait to change to play to eat. And then we drive ~~off~~ our brakes, ~~to~~ ~~headed~~ ~~to~~ along the ~~cobbled~~ pavement. We are shown pictures in galleries. At home the hay waves all over the meadows; my father leans over the rails, dreaming. In the house, ~~a~~ doors shut ~~&~~ then another, as the wind lulls through the open windows. A pulse ~~of~~ from the white ~~Jam~~ roses ~~&~~ — ~~the~~ ~~The sound~~ on the table. ~~Now~~ a cow lows in the field. ~~Now~~ a the wagon comes up the lane, ~~Now~~ ~~the hedges with~~ ~~light~~ ~~of~~ hay on the hedges. I see all this, when my

Jane Rhode, from the Calendar

We ~~had~~ to manoeuvres from Ami

NYPL

Eyes from work team, in the played schoolroom, with their
masters. ~~their open faces bound with names, & classes.~~
~~Used~~ Then Jenny Dancer sent: ~~then~~ ~~with~~ a
Throwaway: from the bank, on the polished floor:
Jenny Cartwheels in the meadows.
or ~~with~~ Sucks some wise flower, fathoms deep, but
Rucks it behind her ear, where it burns, hilariously,
so that she is admired by Everybody: by the
French mistress in particular; whose darkeyes smoulder,
so that I could have loved her. But now I love only
~~work~~ ~~Saturday~~ Caesar: ~~and~~ old men in Corduroy: the slam the
Kitchen door; a pine for the loss of them. Rhoda

"~~I don't~~ I envy" said Jenny: "I must leap over the yellow
benches. ~~I like adoration. Everybody, me, me with~~
This not my head that people love: they love my
hats the
"I always ~~run fast~~ then I make looking glass on the
Candwig ~~Train finely~~" said Jenny, "because it ~~not~~
shows my head only.

NYPL

"That's the small looking glass on the stairs" said Jinny, because it shows my head only. My lips are too wide. My eyes, although they sparkle, are too close together. Also my front teeth are too large. ~~I am not that.~~ ~~I need am a body~~ ~~I think~~ Susan's head head, with its fell look, its glass green deep eyes, which look with love, Bernard said, because the nuts grow in it always, ~~Drowning faces~~ ~~like flies~~, dominate hers ~~not~~ mine not: even Rhoda, drowning beyond, looks like one who tosses the mark down in the jar always: ~~I need it~~ ~~to~~ ~~My head is fantastic~~ body. Do I step on, to the long looking glass on the west door. To see myself entire: to see my self head + body in one; with Eyes in the verge fork all one: all When I move my head, I wobble, all the way down. I flicker in the glass; between the dull faces of Susan & Rhoda. Like an ~~old~~ the white flames that run along dry cracks. I move like those lines that move on the hedge. I dance over those glass. Those beaks faces, as fire light dances over china. I am always lit by the heat of this house, ~~pale~~ of Even though the eyes Eyes are in womens cold eyes. Miss Lambert even allow me to ~~see~~ I see. Let me ~~pass~~ into curtseys in her room. ~~I think I know nothing~~. I am ~~not often~~ ~~just~~ ~~to~~ helped across my lessons by some ~~big~~ girl. I am And I do not pretend to know, or to care. I cannot follow any word: or count; or add; or follow a thought

Brow flayed

There is that in me which moves & moves,

NYPL

away from the present into the heart; or think of
any place where I am not there; or feel that Hand lost in
Night with tears in my eyes. like Jane, remember home; or
for instance take a book like Rhoda. I lie crumpled up
flock in the fern. Many my new book often given; which I
read; like Rhoda & Rhoda. [illegible] a work, hugh which
just grown, under the sea. Here Now we look at the flowers
Then rough there coarse clothes; & I pull my clean
stockings; my white shoes; ~~my boots~~ I pull my
hair with a white ribbon; so that when I run,
the ribbon with stream behind me, & get when
~~without me body me, for I love ader~~; I cannot see
perfectly to its place, in ader.

=

"Even in the way they walk upstairs there is something
[illegible] "said Rhoda." ~~They are already real;~~ if they
~~they~~ met a servant, they will ~~take them for women~~
look at them without laughing. ~~They know~~ There is
~~They know exactly~~ ~~even~~ their shoes & stockings
~~in~~ the [illegible].] "That is my face, then" said
Rhoda; "but I will check behind, for I have no face.
I am not here. I am not ~~with~~ you - Other people have
faces, but I have none. Their world is the undoubted world;
where I am always so shifty, so unsure, even though in a
cloud. If they met a horseman the will look
at them without laughing. They know what to say if
they are spoken to. They laugh, really; or get
angry, really. In their walk, I watch look
whereas I have to look first to see what other people do. Now

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She has a more wicked & sadder;

Change they a person

Must we had at night I exalt them admiration more tenderly than ever. I often dream with them.

with ~~that~~ Oscar extraordinary Custody. Jenny talks of her Workings, with a Work: I like Jenny's way better, because it is former, Nowers; Both declare me, ~~for my folly~~, for Copying what they do; but Jenny sometimes teaches me, & for guidance hers to ~~the~~ the a path bow: while Jenny ~~triumphs in her~~ than the one way, they walk by nature whose Principle, & Keeps it to holy Law They will be Mutual; they have ~~many~~ friends to let by; they have Secrets. I never attach myself to faces, & to names. I admit one face always, & when I see it, ~~I~~ can hardly drink out of my Cup, for fear of Choking. — I look to from side to side. And ~~Angry~~ then the ~~garden with~~ watching me from behind bushes, & then leap high. In Exact their admiration. But I ~~used~~ to Always they were in Canbrough I imagine a ~~fantastic~~ a parement entirely made ~~a shop all yellow & green~~ with a Illuminated ~~with yellow & green~~. But Cannot But as they know my Secrets ~~& Company~~ I have to keep always ~~these are dreams~~ must I detest looking glass, with my real face: which is — I can only ~~but on my clothes~~ Work behind, Yet, ~~they only~~ But I struggle, with violent Energy. to be real. like them. so that people do not laugh. — so that I need not hesitate, as I ~~do~~ do now, pass my hand; when it Comes over me, that there is nothing real; when I must lay my hand on the door.

NYPL

"We shall be late" said Jean, Follow me, Rhoda. ~~Then we shall~~ ~~we must look out,~~ we will avoid the We shall only ~~play~~ have to take our turn. We will watch here in the long glass, & pretend to watch, ~~&~~ Jenny & Betty, - Clara & Mavis. while Mrs Lambert walks up & down with a Clergyman; & I shall paint little images of the people I hate & bury them. This pebble is ~~Miss Lucas~~ Madame Carlo; & I will bury her deep because she has her silky voice; & the waiter who gave me ice for keeping my knuckles that when I played ~~my scales~~. the piano. I would bury the whole school; I would bury in particular the gymnasium; the dancing hall; the dining room which smells of meat: ~~I would bury the~~ & tiles & the portraits. There are a few trees that I like; & one ~~bush of~~ wild cherry tree, that was in flower ~~on~~ the day before Easter & some wild flowers in the kitchen garden; & there is the view, out of the attics at the back to down hills. Otherwise I would bury it all; & let ~~Jean~~ I bury these yellow flowers - these ugly thing flowers that grow on the burnt waste, where there are flies & trotters. Where I live the waves are mauve & grey: ~~they~~ & in winter nights ~~that~~ we hear them booming like guns. ~~Then my father~~ on the shore. Any ~~coming~~ ~~a horse & cart~~ way ~~drowned~~ & last Christmas a man was drowned walking with a cart.

Rhoda "Let me now imagine" said Rhoda. Then

Then I watch the lonely land.

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peoples lives; what Mrs Lambert says to the clergyman
when they go – as they are now going – past the pavilion, &
through the ~~wood~~ Gate glass to Mrs Lambert's private
Garden where there is a pond lake. Look how
when Mrs Lambert passes ~~her~~, talking to the clergyman " said
Rhoda, ~~I feel that anything is possible.~~ Everything alters
becomes luminous. And Jinny leaps higher too
when she passes. Suppose she saw that daisy, it would
~~it would not be as I see it~~, it would change: & wherever she
goes now, things are changing under her eyes. They are
Going through the gate to Mrs Lamberts private garden
~~where there is a pond.~~ & when she comes to the pond,
there is a ~~sacred place for her~~ ~~before~~ or the sky
frog on a leaf. That ~~also is different.~~ That is always new.
Now they are The stands
Hesperus towered, over the pond with its white
patches of water & its dark patches. ~~All the~~
~~light in this~~ Now is alone now, like a statue ~~on it~~ a
~~great island; She has~~ in a glove. And she lets
her cloak slip down, her tasselled silken coat; & the
Only her purple ring flowers on her white finger.
The
~~But I cannot make it come right yet.~~ There is
~~There is an awful~~ mystery about ~~that~~ people,
when they leave us. yet When they are ~~here~~ alone. Then I can
Companion them, to the pond; but if I see Mrs
Lambert, she makes the daisy change: & every thing becomes
veering, wavering, like streaks of fire. Even the best the
Carver. We are Everything is changing ~~Jinny~~;
~~She~~ Now by moving things are losing ~~their~~
their hardness: their & even my body now lets

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the heart thump: I feel something ~~too~~ weigh on my back."
"I have won the game" said Jenny, "now it's your turn.
I shall lie on the ground & pant. I am out of breath with
running. My ~~heart~~ Everything in my body seems stunned as by
running. My ~~th~~ blood must be bright red. My ribs are like
hoops of iron. My ~~the~~ thighs as of wire rings were
~~shuddering~~ aching & shuddering in them. I see my hair &
~~fa~~ ears fair & sharp & green. ~~I~~ The hairs damp on my
forehead & so that the net dances, & ~~there~~ there is a
wavering line runs through everything: as if even the
trees were leaping up & down; & there is nothing staid,
nothing settled in the ~~the~~ universe. And ~~now~~ this
intoxication ~~with~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~dancing~~ tidy will soon
make you
see higher; with iron ~~th~~ ~~re~~ ~~mo~~ ~~the~~ ~~hyp~~ ~~bra~~ ~~hyp~~ of
black the immaculate figure of the clergyman
to that meeting him alone, in some shrubbery, away
from other people, ~~I begin to desire to meet~~.
~~to~~ ~~meet~~ people ~~be alone, with~~ already he
implies me out: already I begin
to feel the desire to be alone, with one other person: to
say something, under the shadow of leaves, that away
by holding down, with people hanging about, ~~(~~gloomy,
& ~~fat~~ them busy on their own affairs: & we are shut up
alone; both our desire to say something private. Come
and now the tide sinks, & my the birds waver that
flap my sides rock gently, & my heart ticks at
anchor, like a ~~b~~ tall ready boat, when ~~the~~ the tide slowly
to the deck. We must go into tea now: & I must

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14,00

"They have driven off on the brake." read Lowe. ~~They have~~ found all their heads in a row, at the corner. They are boarding, some about their elder brother, some about their father, who hit the ball over the pavilion at Lords.: Archer & Hirst. & Barber & Walker, & Lohmann & Mead. & Rogers & Thompson. Archer & Hirst. Rogers & Lohmann: the names whereat themselves ~~were over again~~ the same. They ~~have gone to play cricket. they have~~ are the ~~football~~ team: they are the cricketing team; they are ~~their~~ ~~footballers. they are~~ the National Hunting Society: they are the Volunteers: they are always standing together, with leaders on their backs: & always turn together at the corner; I ~~have~~ They have butterflies trembling with their wings benched off. They throw dusky ~~scarlet~~ handkerchiefs clotted with blood Screwed up into corners: they make little boys Who run back hastily. ~~And~~ They have bright that stand out under their eyes. Yet they are ~~pen knives in~~ all that we walk to the Derby & I; ~~we have~~ moments Leave them two: my knife torn with envy. I could walk to ~~be are~~ to run with them; that all my legs were reinforced by them: to join in their chorus; to sing Cricket, strength and beauty songs, Cricketing songs; to do Go rides by leaders, & Hannah around the field: a kick at ~~again to~~ & to kick down; kick at ~~again~~, about run: about Kelly: about wicket jumps. Then, down my cheeks, the words would have a torrent down my throat.

parody type

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"Rhoda has gone now" said Neville. "She is thinking of nothing but the match. He never even waved his hand, as the ~~brake~~ brake turned the corner - she despised me. ~~He~~ He doesn't, for being too weak to play, for not caring ~~& what that he cared~~, whether they win or lose. & what that he cares. He accepts my devotion, my homage & no doubt adores offering to his beauty; ~~mixed~~ mingled with contempt as she for the, ~~mindless~~ mind; ~~unphilosophic~~ unphilosophically ~~he read~~ For: he cannot read. ~~He does not~~ He cannot lying on the long grass. Catullus, Shakespeare, is book, simple. Yet it is read to him; he understands, I believe, more than Louis even. Not the words - but what are words? Do I not already know how to rhyme, how to imitate Pope, Dryden, even Shakespeare? But I cannot stand all day in the sun; with my eyes on a task. I cannot feel the weight of the task though every nerve & watch it ~~like a bird only~~ thinking of the task. ~~He will~~ Yet I could not live with him & suffer his rudely. He with coarser ~~pastimes~~. He will more often dismiss among his dogs. He will marry ~~too;~~ & there will be at least scenes ~~with his wife~~ about ~~the~~ butcher's bills. Now ~~however~~, But he is young. He draws off ~~it~~ the as now he is penitent; keen; ~~he is~~ he is not not a baker ~~that~~ this nothing lies between him & the carcases & the sun; the ~~dog~~ & the ram. His face is mottled & dappled with sun, shade as the brake rolls under the trees; he will ~~take~~ take off his coat & stand in white flannel in the heat holding out his hands. Only Bernard could enter in to ~~But~~ only Bernard could enter in to wonder. implicitly, his ~~the~~ only Bernard.. ~~He has his~~ of his

at least last

with absurd intensity

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were not troubled by her inconsistent moodiness, her habit of
Hoffing, while he washes her hands, to ruminate - stared
about Hales, whether they one should select the balance of
nature, for a the deliberate ways that are unknown
to Cirche, her Hamlet ode; would cheerfully
go with them, & they would select nothing; why,
& he was sure, I do suppose, that he might walk in
Staring up into the sky when the ball
Eagerly at a tuft of grass when the ball went the
other way. Even so, however displaceful, his conduct would
be forgiven. He would tell them a story"

& replaced
Hey, - a lot
the Medusa;

"I should tell them a story," Do they have bowled off,
said Bernard, "the horrid, beautiful letter boys,
with all their heads turned the same way, whom you
Louis always envy. But I am almost horrid,
almost beautiful in myself. I have no sense of this
profound disturbance. I have no mysterious Nile over the
Keyboard to note the keyboard without being aware of
these profound discrepancies between Cirche & myself.
double.
Jinny can make a hundred not out; & I am almost
always out when I have made fifteen. But what
great difference is there between fifteen & a hundred?
an age?
Stan I feel the bubbles rise in me: image follows image: I
Cannot set down to my book, like Louis: the
with ferocious tenacity; I must pen the letter
tap door & letout this link with that. I
pen whether what happens do that instead of
incoherence there is perceived to be some
order in the universe. I will tell you the story of
Dr. Crane.

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& indeed his departure leaves a sense of relief & also an [illegible] emptiness that

When Dr. Crane locks the swing doors at night he is convinced of his superiority to everybody; ~~in the whole world~~. What happens, however, when he leaves through the swing door to his own apartments? Let us imagine him ~~taking off his clothes~~. undressing. He takes off his coat: he puts the silver there & the cotton there on his dressing table: he then reflects ~~for a moment~~ whether he shall cross the pink bridge that unites his dressing room with the bedroom. ~~I feel~~ (the rooms are united ~~undoubtedly~~ by a bridge of rosiness & cotton) Mrs. Crane has passed over it. She has rubbed out the blush that fastens her back hair, & she is sunk in a kind of slumber on the side of the bed, reflecting on her own inadequacies: ~~that well known fact that she is not~~ as the headmaster's wife. She pressed a cup to her breast forgetting that the Archbishop was ~~lately~~ without his tea. She ~~then~~ ~~never controls her~~ ~~all~~ her hair. Now Dr Crane arrives at this conclusion: he will retire to a farm in the west country, with a hedge to clip, one of those ~~what has he read~~ ~~of~~ he was bored to retire: But he thinks, I might have been an Admiral, a Judge, a statesman. Might have made another, husband a better use of my powers. What force, he asks (staring at the fire here) has controlled my life? ~~Who has forced me to~~ He sinks into a mood of profound ~~discouragement~~ dejection: What vast forces, he thinks, looking over [illegible] shoulder at - this is a windy night - over which we control: for this force of destiny, he thinks. I am but a pawn in

~~at this point he~~ ~~rises~~ a ~~short~~ ~~word~~ ~~strikes~~ ~~on~~ the ~~chimney~~ piece

NYPL

hands of destiny: have placed him controlled me. Whenever I moved not
Their mother. Hand my time would report a female boy's character which
everybody interpreted believed. He suffers from moments of
profound depression when he is the very opposite of what he
appears to be. The worst of these stories about things
that have not really happened may not be true: Yet I
began to feel the desire to follow Natalie ~~into Brussels~~."
~~when they leave us~~." I

"I began to work, said Louis, for darkness. I stand with
my hand on the grained oak panel of Mr. Gravesie
Wickham door. I am at this moment the friend of
Richelieu & the Duc de Saint Simon, holding out a
small box to the King himself. My rings glow like
sacred fire through the lowest Emeralds cut of their ears rings" — Marie ~~the~~ the wicked
~~that~~ me for darkness, in my cubicle, at night. ~~I am then~~
Meanwhile I hold my knuckles to her. Wickham door
I speak with a Colonial accent. I am The duty
has been full of ceremonies & of tumult. That I
have ~~uneasily~~ concealed from fear; ~~of~~ Natalie only when
darkness comes I shut off there I lose the universe
body - my large me, my thin legs, my accent, & inhabit
Mac, I am then Shakespeare's Coriolanus, Virgil's I
I am then the last scion gone of the noblest families in
Ancient France (~~for the duchess~~ by nobility of blood
branch of mysteriously to myself in me) & ~~to keep~~
for ex bankers in Boston) that I am also one who will
force himself to discover these words, moonlit territories,
& to confront each grand door. I work actors
some Byzantine amalgamation between the two
discrepancies, work my own interiors. I will knock

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"I like Bernard's Woven" said Neville. "Though they always
tail off absurdly; & ~~he begins to~~ twiddles a bit of
string. But ~~the diffused & amicable light in which~~
Letting Thursday by Bernard's Woven. he sees everyone, ~~he is in a diffused & amicable light.~~
with blurred edges, ~~And~~ Nobody is distant. ~~He is~~ not
His mother, lover nor hates. Hence ~~he~~ cannot ~~both~~
talk to ~~see~~ his Rachel. ~~He cannot~~ I cannot Expose my
Generalities, Ashley absurdly violent Partisan for a style person to Bernard.
He would only ~~make a story~~, I ~~need~~ ~~Can tell no one.~~
I need Rhoda. I need Jinny ~~one~~ as one whose mind
fades ~~when taken light~~ by an a Clothes on a Clock: one
Chap, a ~~the Jew is divorced~~. I need somebody to
whom absurdity the habit of absurdity is sublime. —
~~who would throw away~~ to whom a Rhoda string is is
all ~~There is~~ ~~Ardent adored~~. ~~I need~~ can be an Ear,
object of adoration. ~~I can~~ to whom ~~I can~~
Expose the terrible agony of our human? it need. its
incoherently. And There is nobody. ~~His mastrous~~
Here, among these Stars circles, moving, begins, with
these Cheerful games, a Kindly Emulation, a
Understanding; a tradition; there is nobody to talk to.
of the only thing Yesterday, ~~School~~ opening the
Door down leading into the Market Garden I saw
Fenwick with his mallet raised. And the steam
from Mrs Crane's tea urn rose in the middle of the
Garden. Blue flowers rose in the border against the
orchard wall. "That is it" I said, in a
moment of inebriation. Pressing Some Thing again
I had this object. This mystic sense of fitness: I
& there seemed to be an object worthy of my

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adoration. Then it fades. with devastating suddenness the
vision crumbles. I raise my cup & sit ignored. Nobody
Nobody sees my horned my intent figure. Nobody
believes the need that to[o] often attends my being an ever seeking
plants to[o] ~~cast~~ one less thirst: to love ~~& be~~ — to be
Conjoined by love. The vision fades. Ferwick strokes the
back & balcony, ~~alone~~, an ordinary fair young man.
One must almost seek out some tree — some thing growing
free, & ~~mixed with~~ one must almost detest these
town trees, libraries, & the broad bays on which I
read Catullus, for the solitary ~~weedy~~ ~~by the sea, for~~
~~grown~~ for ~~weeds~~ where the beech trees ~~are like~~
~~twisted bodies, or streams, all~~ writhe, by the river
where the trees meet again like ~~old~~ lovers knees
in the water. One must seek out in solitude
some ghostly voice, to only the touch of the boughs,
& strict lace one free of pain: be taught by the
male the ruby the triumphing mouth wind.
But nature ~~with~~ is too brutal. She has only
her climates & vastitudes. She offers only a general
too indifferent: I want forelegs. & privacy, & the
ardent limbs of some human being.

There born 6th June. 2nd Journ.

NYPL

"I have torn off the sheets of May, of June, & twenty days of July" said Susan. "I have renewed them up, so that they no longer exist. They have been sixteen days, like moths with shrivelled wings. I long for the freedom; for when ~~when, on the 28th of July I stand on~~ but when I stand on the platform, & the ~~set~~ train on the 28th, in the evening — the train arrives at 6.15, then, ~~but not before, I shall~~ the day will be over for me: I shall allow the day to be past. I will be empty of pain: I shall cry with the pain: into the joy I feel in this Contents, this pressure, this perpetual vigilance & of played like, ~~order~~ disciplined & Cheerful poker, drop off. Past. Then I shall Then, but not till then, I shall take this whatever it is that I have in me — this pressure ~~something~~ has formed at from my time here — Something has been made in me, in the heart of the Night when I have cried for house, — alone in the playground, I will take this, out into the Great Common, where however fallow behind me, stop suddenly; where the plover falls on its nest. I will lie in the grass, & look at the blue Hush the grass stalks. I will give myself then to the Earth, & look then, at what I have brought: at what I have made; when I am no longer chafed by the this Impatient Consciousness, made by my self ~~alone~~ nature in solitude. This an extraordinary I shall touch it / among the cold stars. I do not want. Then when the at what I desire, so secretly: money be love; but I do not want, as Jenny wants, a people. I do not want to be with

a dream
by who
I am.
To be
free; to be
alone: to
hear the
brave thunder
in the air.
To hear some
beat trip
of me a walk:
to

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people in a room: I do not want to be reflected in glasses: to be admired, like I come in a very good night. I want I want to alone now, with my possessions, & to go [illegible] & to [illegible] meet only old women, wheely perambulators, & shepherds, tramps at me; & that to rub the noses of horses; & to speak to no one: to Conduct no one: to express nothing: to reveal nothing: to be rare to them, to the pleat curved leaves of cabbages when they are pebbled with dew: to the tracks in the dew: These are my mine malleable: There are my Counterparts, my pets. with them) need no disguise. I need not plait my hair tight; or speak respectfully. They respect my privacy. They elicit this strange need, which lies my love; they remain in my possession; & I have dream, & squirrels; & a box of shells; I have two channels in the wardrobe full of where Everything is laid out Carefully."

I pray for the days to come. I do not want any regret to reproach me for. I live, wish to live

Stamping my Country heart: Pulse of Dead Nuhi to perfect dew where) with a beat on the pulse in a Death;

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"I hate the night" said Jenny. "I want day to come – I want the week to be all day without diversion. I lie & watch the light comes on the knobs of the washstand, on the chairs, on the towel horses. As each thing in the bedroom becomes clear I feel my heart beat flutter. I feel the earth returning; ~~returning after out of the darkness of night~~ the darkness of sleep. I feel myself ~~become~~ becoming ready for another day; I love to hear the gong roaring through the house; & to know that we are to begin called up. To find biscuit & milk ready; to splash in cold water: to begin again this whirl & drama: this collision & the stir of life begin; & see bears down stairs, see bears water running. There is another day I feel, as I ~~kept lay~~ lie, touch the ground. I like it may be very painful. I am often ~~low~~ cold. I am often in disgrace: but even as Mrs Matthews grumbles, I catch a light ~~on her face, in a looking glass~~, some where: or I see, at the window, the donkey drawing the mowing machine. Perhaps I can see a veil between the trees. Anyhow I am never down cast for long. I am ~~not again~~ I cannot be prevented from pronouncing ~~to be~~ a blessing to prayer.

Now too, that ~~we are~~ the time is coming when we shall leave school, & wear long skirts, & I ~~feel~~ shall take my little part in this festival. I shall join in it. I cannot be prevented. The whether sun shines or Cold I am drawn on – like the leaf in the garden. I do not think there is any day that could ~~Confuse~~. I have no sense of the heart: stir done with. Nor do I do not expect to be one of those people who when the days work be finished uncomfortably ~~sure~~ sullen.

then
the bars & the

making ready
also letting
my legs my
arm my
whole body
be made

NYPL

not ~~of~~ & of real things: of things that matter: engagements: New marriages: parties at night: ~~Giving love~~ Hanging away alone, in new bonnets; ~~meeting lovers~~ meeting friends; Choosing Clothes, ~~new clothes for every country~~ & coming, into my new dress, into a room. Then I think make a new friend & he will confide in me something he has never said to anyone else - He will single me out. He will whisper me- for no reason - to dream & Rhoda. ~~He~~ will find some thing particular in me; & we will dance together. But I shall be fickle & capricious - I shall not let myself be attached to any body I shall go on, like that leaf in the garden. & perhaps die young. or remain young - anyhow there ten years, perhaps ten almost twenty years to spend. ah new: all to come: & I am trembling now, on the brink. I am stand on the Edge. trembling. I quiver "

"There still only half past three" said Rhoda. "There are still many hours to come yet Night before Dawn Before I lie on my bed, suspended, & let the day drop. I Can let the giant tree flow over my sight ~~One is only safe in the dark~~. There, with all these interruptions, I cannot let my tree grow: I cannot The giant tree unfold & feel it unfold; somebody knocks at the door. I am interrupted. I cannot get back into the same thought. I must now wash, & take off my shoes; & as I wash, even as I bend my head down over the basin I feel the Russian Empress veil flow about my shoulders. The diamonds of the Imperial Crown blaze on my brow. I can hear the roar of the horrible multitude as I cross, fearlessly. & stand, facing them on the balcony; as ~~as~~ I dry my hands I am

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NYPL

Mr. Geraldine Jane — 5
Dr Burns — 5
Mrs Fanny Hyslop — 5
Wilkinson & Jones — 1
16 Cards

bowing to the people in the Square below. But ~~that's not a~~
Good there is no notice in that; I do am not deluded: the
leaves of that tree are ashen; this a ~~real~~ tree without
roots. This blown down by meeting Mrs Lambert. It
leaves me rather threatening; things seem better.
will find a book: & a quiet table, under the window; &
then I will ~~go to~~ read a poem; I will
I will go into the Library & take out one of the ~~books that~~
~~have~~ books. Then is a table in the window. & let
& read & look & look again & read. & imagine myself
the warm hedge, & dark buds & then flowers streak'd
with gold & then the leaves ~~fringing edge~~, & flowers
waterlilies, & which let the oak that overhangs the
hedge with the moonlight beams of their own watery
light, & then I will find these flowers within
my hand, & present them O. to whom? They
I have picked them; they lie on their broad green leaves
beside me; green coloured, & moonlight-coloured
May; they lie warm & fresh; with the dew on them
stalks; in sheaves; the flowers I have been holding
Clasped in my hand: I have gone down the bank-
hedge picking flowers; & they now lie on the bed
Desk beside me. And they are fresh. but languid.
my body lies beside them; fresh. but languid; heavy, &
laden & sorrow, & that the desire to let flow out
some they scented like this along with my scent my
the thick white flowers crushed on their stalk like
tears, my body seems sorrow, impregnated, full
of heaviness & scent like new made bread. And I
wish enormously to give myself to the world; to

Green Coloured
& the
moonlight
Coloured Sky
& widely
Blue bells
-

NYPL

Peter. to give; to preach with my be offering: these Flowers
which I have hurled under the hot hedge. But O to
whom, O. to whom? For I see not these, & how
these old fancies on, that I come wreathed in hate
Chains a boy And yet I want to tendry Flowers & the
2 to pierce him. O to whom. Stop & Question Heaven —
Crowning the boy. I give these Flowers to the world. I
advance with my hand held out. I toss them upon the world."

Amy Flowers

Now we have received, said Louis, from our revered
Teachers & masters all that they have to give us. The
great doctor, swaying Nightly, has dealt out the
passage: the bound volumes of Horace, Tennyson &
Wordsworth. He has spoken with ~~the~~ deep emotion.
He has ~~known to whose~~ told us, that we are
about to face ~~as grown~~ men the problems of the real
world. He has ~~wished to~~ bid us fit ourselves
like men. He has ~~done~~ done with do this: some will do
that. Some ~~will always~~ not meet again. He bids us
remember — but I do not listen: a as he speaks ~~we~~ I see ~~the~~ different
scenes ~~dissolved~~ fade rubbed out. We may not be one
flesh, one spirit overcome by those sweet & voluptuous
& very ~~mixed~~ overpowering temptations: ~~that can be happy,~~ as if a
frame were about to start. ~~These moments of~~
We are all deeply moved; yet also irreverent; yet also
penchant: yet also Eager to be gone. And then Lady Hampton
bee, ~~flames~~, ~~bees~~ loved by way into the flowers
bouquet. ~~A trouble clause to laughed~~ we all
wish to laugh. ~~Just how the bee were to~~
~~The~~ bee ~~buzz~~ is a hum, round the flowers.
There is a world in which these antinomies are buried.
a free, an uncircumscribed, casual world;
a world of roaming & ~~unfettered~~ impulse. of surrender.

NYPL

of correspondence. And

"We shall not meet again" said Bernard. "Many of you will be hunted for me. We shall never be I dare say, together, enjoying small things so much: ~~little treats~~: never ~~seeing~~ sausages as Candles: ~~I think of them dressed up like~~ when we are "putting ourselves like men": ~~never~~ when there are no hours to be kept: when we are free to go to bed, & to stop: when we need not smuggle things in: ~~& hear~~ ~~forbidden conversation: when we leave from this~~ Everything such, in a few hours, be open to us. I shall stroke up to the bookstall for instance. I shall plank down half a Crown. But I shall regret certain things: Lachrymose Mrs Smith. Carwash. Baker. I ~~he~~ ~~but~~ have liked almost everyone. I have known one mad boy only. I have hated him: I think only one thing, his hypocritical character. His father a bishop. I have ~~loved~~ liked a great many ~~boys~~ ~~too~~ much. I have enjoyed my outward breakfasts at the headmasters table. I liked the ~~women~~. I liked my hot toast & marmalade. I am not afraid anymore to ~~be~~ speak simply like a man. I like hearing the dark eloquence, in wh. he himself believes: ~~I do~~ so that he alone, you ask, Completely disregards the bee. Between ~~to~~ & the who sees he would merely look sth. ~~It is a noble & magnificent~~ ~~man. Thoughit is his fault~~ ~~unforgivable~~ ~~ever to think to him~~ as ~~if~~ he were a human ~~boy. Perhaps he~~ And at rare moments he has put off his heartiness: I have seen him ~~exposed~~, I have seen his ~~face~~ flushed, & ~~even~~ ~~his~~ rather pathetic Now he has made his joke, & then his voice has almost broken but not quite: his

NYPL

(When sudden) become an antagonistic word, etc.

we are dismissed: Lord Neville & I for ever. both our highly behaved books. our equipment. stand at a moment; & the bar is disregarded- we no longer feel any impulse to talk or to laugh. The pressure is removed. We shall not be harassed any more. The light of Common day begins &c: &c. Tomorrow we are off."

"It's awful of. he will hate me" said Neville. "he will never ~~forgive my letter~~ write. He will leave my letter lying about among [illegible] days. ~~He will make no attempt to meet.~~ I shall arrange ~~to be to meet~~ not write being home, because arrange to meet him 'under the clock at Hyde Park Corner' & he will not come. I shall write him a 'perfect letter.' He will send me a picture postcard from Hambrough. Whitby. a Forgery. Sent for that she for that that I love him: But Quite in character he will [illegible] enjoying life. And indeed there is only [illegible] & thereby [illegible] my own feelings, an [illegible]. I feel already, that I cannot endure the dreadful monotony that [illegible] & that we have already drunk [illegible] dried near. I shall hate that garden, boldly; & refuse to be an onlooker. I shall write the most famous book in the world. Those who have disturbed me I shall more than [illegible] to know me. I shall establish an [illegible] a sovereignty ~~[illegible]~~ with words. But I shall never be able to let him be content with not wanting me. The [illegible] inscrutable the [illegible] unanswerable Enemy they - I shall never [illegible] establish my sovereignty there. I do not know. I see, with [illegible] remorse, with having already suffered: but to enjoy I shall more than I have yet enjoyed.

NYPL

I see the ladies gown brown powder, In the last time, with the
dyes, about her head.
so I take my seat in the reserved compartment which is to
be at the Medical train. I thank my eyes with a book so
that nobody may see that my face is over that may
not meet, only sometimes stealing a glance round the edge.
at some attitude. "Yes - the last day of the summer
holidays."

"Yes the last day of the summer holidays" said Megan
But she still rolled up. I will not examine it until I come to
the station. But already there are not school fields;
there are not school hedges; the men in the fields are
doing real things, not coming up to & there are
real cows not school cows. My I have not yet
lost the Carbolic smell. The glazed thing look is
still in my eyes. I must wait for the fields, hedges, woods
& fields, deep railway cuttings, tracks in hedges, tunnels,
suburbs, & then fields again with children playing
on fields - to obliterate that last, that horror, & have
all cover stone, to bury it for ever - I will not send my
children to school. And I've chose him. no heed.
London! Everything here echoes, browns. I will not spend a night in
London! The light is like the
light in an aquarium. Yet Jimmy loves here. The
lower harmonies - the lower notes - The i content to
takes her dog into the square. The meets Here are
cases People shoot through the street silently. They never
look at anything. Their heads bob up, down,
all about the same size. The trees are faced
together with wires. And the houses seem to be
all window: all big electric light. But now I
pass on; & the fields begin again. & the suburbs & houses. &
houses & then & fields. The Centaur
how vanished now & trees. And.

Like
Cobbler.

NYPL

the heavy work drops & are on the pan; down we go for the mark:

The cowbells, & the hitch hike begins to love their horses. I smell the peas in the wind; There are the home stations. We stop for a stop now. Now I let myself lean into the wind. Now in one rush, the air blows where my eye my nose my thoughts. It is cold & thin. And then it is my father talking to a farmer.

how we thank up at stations after stations. And they will take an role at the milk cans.

"And I go on, alone, to the North" said Jenny. "

in this great roaring Express; which is set so smooth that it hurtles us over the long lines, into care. We flash past square keys. We make the earth look slightly from side to side. The darkness has closed for me in a room, - as for Eve when the darkness made. And the Head + stems in the two. Flat And the telegraph poles seem like reduced shadows - making more insistent Dignity over Remembrance barrage. I am being carried North, in my home. I am now suspended between two worlds. Not a Just work. On the As we pass into the tunnel I see a reflection in the black window. The man opposite has lowered his paper - He is looking at me. My body feels tense - full. I move, regretting to lose my understanding. This my body that myself. When I become independent. It loves a life of its own. Now the black window is open again. The air Jenny's come. He reads his paper. And yet everything is different a little. Stanhouses. a Tin bedroom windows glitter white house doors. There are lights & activities everywhere. People are aware you - darkness Detached men in their back gardens. Potters - Signals are flashing lighthouses.

NYPL

60 280

480
120
1660
20.

There is a great variety of birds nowadays. A mine is beginning to live with certain, forming ~~its home~~ in their vocals to discover, in which notes, to form ~~a conversation~~. We have to meet & join all the windows & the little villas we pass, with their contrasts ~~which~~ joined in the middle. Dance; & the men working in the ~~harvest~~ corn fields, among the corn, are ~~unexpectant~~ aware; as I am aware; ~~they are~~ all ~~secretly~~ ~~desired~~, joined together. of ~~the~~ heat ~~of the~~ ~~of~~ of an ~~overpowering~~ ~~languor~~. ~~But the~~ Their Knotted blue handkerchiefs are ~~full of~~ some heat. Some Redness. ~~But~~ And there are ~~a~~ bowers & arbours in these villa gardens, & ~~gay~~ men in the shirtsleeves on ladders trimming roses. And there are ~~is a~~ horsemen ~~riding~~ riding over that field. Their horse plunges as ~~he~~ he hears. There are scattered ~~And her~~ ~~further on~~ — & there is a ~~fat~~ yellow fat cow, with felt chaps, as to one ~~of~~ which I think, my dear fancy, does bellowing ~~wondrous~~. " But when that woman looks at me, over her novel, my body shuts up in her face, inhospitably, like a parasol."

advanced, bowed.

~~This~~ The first day of the summer holidays" said Rhoda, as the train leaves ~~those~~ these red rocks, by this blue sea, the term, April May June & July, forms itself, in one, behind me. I look back on that finished ~~& time~~ time, which it has edges & mass now. Now I see it as remotely, what gently recedes; which is part of ~~it~~ their ~~receding~~ from me - their part. ~~But~~ I see it profoundly. ~~I see the Lambert~~ ~~When~~ ~~I saw a windy cheerful summer.~~ ~~There were~~ with blue June sky: much white in the fields; some dragon flies: ~~that~~ is one day. ~~The other~~ & one day has consumed a month. Then there was wind & violent rain at night. There was a star ~~riding~~ through clouds. And I rose to the day, Consume me.

NYPL

That was one night, in mid term, looking out of the window. There was the moon in the playground. I was taking a note across to Miss Jarsper. I had the envelope firmly in my hand. I did my best toward a hundred. And then I could not cross it. Then that play let down, what used to be unfastened. My life was blown away like a dead leaf. I could not regain my identity. Who am I? Do I know or nothing. I do not inhabit my body. I am not And the absolute & eternal & ever present will fortify & take up; & I discern the how to cross; how to return; for And then I laid my hand on the wall only just in time. I found something hard; something

NYPL

Rudnick.
30 - July
1930.

The Snakes
We become
apparent:

We felt the
Oneness with
with Spain
by dawn.

drawing myself back into my body over that grey cadaverous
space what is yet the truth. Do I detach 'the summer
term' from me; what degree star & hurdle. By means of with
such violent blows the past life is hacked out: in Manchester
I breathe its nature, it & the wild & vast violent
enterprise; to which we are committed, like people bound
to wild horses; & yet, with Their Courage about — here is
the helmet collector for England, swinging along the hot broad-
pavements with fig to fill up the we have invented
Every road of dessia for discovery of: there are country people
with baskets of mushrooms. And now the train
is leaving up & up over the moor into loneliness a
solitude: & they sit at work their baskets on their laps
Sayings are few things there very heavy whispering gold
fields; & their children in their gardens look surprised to
be left behind: now On & on it goes. Stamping heavily
breathing stertorously up hill; & everyone dozes in the
hot afternoon. & all there are on the last top this
bleached moor where only a few wild sheep live —
few horses; & yet we are provided with every
comfort. with tables whereon we manipulate, with
Catches for holding tumblers; & Still we labour on;
among these high moor streams; & there are cool
silences closing behind us; & We look back?
We that silence has closed already: there are shadows on
the moor. And now This is the present moment."
at one answer myself that I am actually here, in a
third class railway carriage, on the top of the moor. This
the birthday of the summer holidays.

NYPL

"Now we are off" said Louis. "Now I hang unhindered
~~with that~~ attachments. We are nowhere - We are passing over
England in a train. ~~As we are~~ being between the past & the future
~~future~~ ~~Past~~ without ~~and~~ a present ~~what is it~~? ~~Or~~
~~Who should I be~~ And I have no rebbles ~~borne~~ ~~Further~~ like
Bernard & Neville:: ~~who will~~ ~~go to~~ Ox[ford] & Cambridge -
Paris & Rome & Berlin; nothing but the necessity to make
money ~~somewhere~~ somewhere. Therefore a a Strange & Remembered ~~Shadow~~ accent
~~Worthless transitory yet~~ falls on these ~~birthing &~~
Gold bustles of corn; on these hoppy-thatched fields: this
all that remains to ~~be~~ constant in my mind: ~~which~~ & this
~~Very~~ ~~vagrant~~ body ~~is~~ ~~vagrant~~ ~~passing~~ through them, ~~vagrant~~ wandering, unattached. Yes
I should be vagrant as ~~that~~ ~~the~~ Shadow ~~that~~ on the meadow.
~~I~~ were not that I perpetually force myself to be
attempt ~~coherency~~. to sum up here in my mind
all ~~that~~ in a sentence, to make plain largely my
Nation ~~my~~ & the long long history beginning in the days
of the Pharoahs, when women carried pitchers to the
Nile, ~~"sing~~ one flame of the eternal eye: ~~which~~ ~~my~~ ~~hopes~~
so that if I shut my eyes, if I fail to realise my ~~content~~
~~how~~ humanity ~~which~~ is ~~distracted~~ ~~distracted~~ ~~of one moment of its~~
of a moment's hope; ~~we~~ ~~not~~ live through me, as if
~~I had the right to live~~. ~~For long~~ if I hope am, high Normandies
or Cornwalls, if I acquiesce, as Bernard acquiesces in
Percival & ~~Rhoda~~ Archer John Waller, Jinny Latham.
~~But~~ They are all talking, & Ethel Neville. who
regards us occasionally, over the edge of a French
novel. ~~She~~ a ~~woman~~ ~~woman~~ slides into some cushioned
forcible room; ~~with~~ ~~with~~ when ~~I~~ ~~be~~ on my own in a
office. ~~Rhoda~~ And I shall ~~accumulate~~ ~~accumulate~~ in bills

cut of
Something,
somewhere.

here & now

NYPL

Headed by
Ancient
Greek

I shall be full of bitterness - I shall be full of tenderness; I shall
Envy them the safe calmness down the traditional ways, who
I can rest with little clocks, & who talk broad technics;
But new, disembarked, hanging over gulfs, without judgment -
There is a river - a man-fishing from a bridge - That is a
There - there a hayrick - a wagon - ~~no there had I kept thoughts of~~ with high
are shadowy & floating - they make no. judgment on
me. I am ~~now~~ as the ghost of Louis: the
An ephemeral human boy; in whose mind dreams have
power; & jaden wands, & birds at dawn; ~~& gates~~ metals,
floating in green depths: I serve myths, in the waters of
childhood. & the ~~the~~ bright veil woven: & the
Charmed breast stamps ."

NYPL

~~Well~~ ~~I see~~ "Neville & Lewis can both sit absorbed in their own thoughts" said Bernard. "But with you the presence of other people stirs ~~begins to work~~ in me like - yes ~~even~~ cannot formulate the ~~confused thought without~~ somewhat stimulates me so that words form like smoke rings ~~a~~ ~~breathing~~ ~~of my~~ ~~nose~~, ~~like~~: ~~I am always~~ images ideas. I am stimulated to imagine the lives of the others: I am stimulated to form some semblance of what is in my mind. Without being ~~benevolently~~ interested in ~~habits~~, I am interested to know ~~what~~ the old elderly man is reading this ~~Morning~~ Post: I wish to know whether he is a landed proprietor. Then I wish to come into contact with him I wish to add to my collection of valuable observations upon the nature of human life - my ~~fate~~ already rather ~~queer~~ ~~and~~ ~~work~~ which will ~~in~~ no doubt to me when I write that Gigantic history of the ~~human~~ society, which shall devote my life. I observe meanwhile the ~~various~~ attitudes & gestures of my companions: I ~~like~~ my mind with ~~images~~ ~~of~~ whatever happens to be the contents of the room or the carriage as one ~~fills~~ a fountain pen on an irish post. I do not observe nature ~~very~~ with any disinterested attention. ~~Now that the~~ Something reminds me that the elderly man should proceed to suck a cough lozenge. I feel, by unmistakable signs, that he is about to thank to me. His whole shows the premonitory signs of cracking. We are now engaged in

NYPL

conversation. I feel my mouth ring. The ring that
issues from my lips, circling him a buzzing hum
of a good sensation. I like him. I feel warmly
inclined towards him, & from his very low & ordinary
remarks I proceed to make up his past; his future looks is
clothed. He has a haunch. He is a builder. He
has been to Germany that he is a Devonshire man.
He has a fibre, but thriving beginner, & his journey is
an beginner. I daresay there are flats or tiles in
that heavy looking black bag. As a husband he is indulgent but not. Mrs, altogether
unbeloved. His He plays some part in local society.
He is undoubtedly the inhabitant of that villa
There is nothing abnormal about him. I am He is
gross. he is unusual; he has never heard of M.
de la Rochefoucauld, yet Neville would do
well who could but obtain unobtrusiveness & talk to him
although he has a large ornament, like a double
tooth torn up by the roots, hanging at his watch chain.
He is going home after a short tour in Germany —
that he Mr Turnbull. but Trumble. some
such name as that would fit him. Meanwhile
He is a builder Mark because he looks at houses in
passing in worth a professional eye. He thanks of
them as tidy pleases; he thinks who has the repair
of them. One luck is that there are very little
talent for [illegible] abstract reflection. I
can only make the pleasures understand by
means of symbols: He I love pleasures. They
seem time to houses some external life of their own.
What I am, I am afraid, incapable of that isolation

Edward Turner.
There is a German label on his portmanteau

made of coral.

That while I was standing back against trees with a flat base to.

NYPL

in which really Good Schools - lasting & permanent things are formed. ~~May Books do~~ But these Contacts, with words, are very ~~disastrous~~ satisfying. I do not really envy the clever. Except that the extreme ~~fa~~ precision of Neville's ideas must be satisfactory. But there is something a little ~~too~~ inhuman about Lewis. Do I really respect the great scholar? We are now arriving however at the Junction. And though I have hidden away intellectuality a sense that this is a crisis, that some action is expected of me. That I am now required to change; or not to change I cannot precisely say I open a st. My embarrassment - Mr Irwin is not sent. And now, here is the Jolly Red Boy who collects tickets. I look Everywhere - I slap my pockets - I examine my notes. No, I have lost my ticket. I am very sorry but I ~~shall have to~~ lost my ticket. The others get out - they bolt & they bang & they head on our toes. I am going to cross the platform. ~~I~~ to get into that I have to change: I have to change.

He breaks up words in vegan long words his Cheshire mouth. But his eyes express something we have not yet taken the measure of. The extreme correctness of his manner may be a disguise.

70_{280}

~~56~~ 0

140

19,600

20.

21

28 2

56

340_{280}

272

68

952

NYPL

He has gone "said Neville," without a ticket. He has cracked us
all; he needs nobody. He talked as easily to Hand the
plumber as he does Dreadful horse breeder ~~in the corner~~ as to us.
The the plumber was deceived. The plumber thought, "If
I had a row like that I would somehow manage to send him to
Oxford. But ~~to us it seems~~ highly ~~probable that~~ did
Bernard have any particular feeling about the plumber? did
he naturally wish to continue the sequence of the story, which
he has never stopped telling - namely, since he made his
bread into pellets when he was a child? Are we not
all phrases in Bernard's story? But he tells it with
extraordinary understanding. The ~~he~~ story has gone without us:
But he does not need us.
There he is, felicitating. ~~No doubt~~ he has lost his train:
But does not matter - he will talk to the barmaid. He
will enchant the barmaid. We are off, now: he has
forgotten us already. we disappear; we pass out of
life; we go on, filled with the most curious negations
of bitterness & affection: I pretend to read but I cannot
Read ~~away~~ Plumbers & ~~horsedealers~~:
I hate horsedealers. I have no power whatever of
making an elaborate speech. Why should I pretend to
admire ~~a~~ him? He does not pretend to admire me.
Let me
at least be human ~~in one~~ do. Let me
denounce ~~that~~ this puffing ~~and~~ snuffing ~~Cavalry~~ self-satisfied
eyelessness of this medalless parade - these bone hair
nails; these ~~but~~ coloured photographs of trees -
parades. Let I could wreck about with
rage at the smug self-satisfaction of the
& mediocrity of this plumber & self-satisfied
world. How would fruit have flourished upon hearts: that

He made together
Enough

He has merged
his train; he
has lost his
ticket.

NYPL

provincial ~~Hilton~~ & Lowndeans with ornaments hanging
from their watch chains. There is that in me which
will consume them entirely. My laughter shall make
them twist on their seats. No: they are immortal;
they will survive. They will triumph. They will
make it impossible for me to ride Cabbies in a
third class railway carriage. They will drive me to a
college. I shall undoubtedly become a don. & so
with Whewell's aid to Greece & letters on the rains.
I would be better to be dead bones. & We would be
better to live in a villa. Than to inhabit the heart like an
insect: to run in a cut the thicks of [illegible] —
Lurid ugly like a maggot, with a lefrmended nose; who
Infantry
~~Even the bailiff~~ & under graduate. Any thing
would be better. What heaven in my hate. I am
so clever. I am ~~already a cabdan~~ so precocious. I
am already capable of such extreme passion that
I ~~could can not~~ the home leader hates me. That is
my triumph. I do not compromise. I am not
timid like Lowe. I do not funick about fearing
what people think. I am
Triumph. Now London approaches. Now we
draw near the Centre of the civilised world. These
are the familiar faces: These are the
the plague held interested by cast Asphaltic
haters. The lower orders ~~Staring~~ Taking their walks, arm in
arm. And Carlisle now is almost in Scotland: he
must be among the wild Cumberland moors; the
long hills of the border, where the Roman wall
lies, a mound a The town rows, ~~beetles~~ as my
heart rises Down at once against respectable. I

One of those unnecessary rows.

of my race, my class, my accent.

NYPL

people terribly worried
after losses

go to meet what? What extraordinary hate already me-
aning there lays in real war. There parties. There
swarming indifferent crowds? How with in
utter shock we have drawn up. We are utter Vandeleurs
I with the others set out last. I feel dazed. I feel
that I want to set one moment before I emerge into that
tumult that chaos. And yet I am tremendously
worried.) ~~am~~ The war is in my ears. I ~~feel~~ live
are cast into the bloodstream violently. Each man is
utter broken bits, he gathered, & separate, broken,
among wheels, afterwards. Now I must go two."

NYPL

Grave of unknown Irish
soldier here.

and my knee of my left almost ~~touched~~ between: I
become drawn in, tossed up & down."

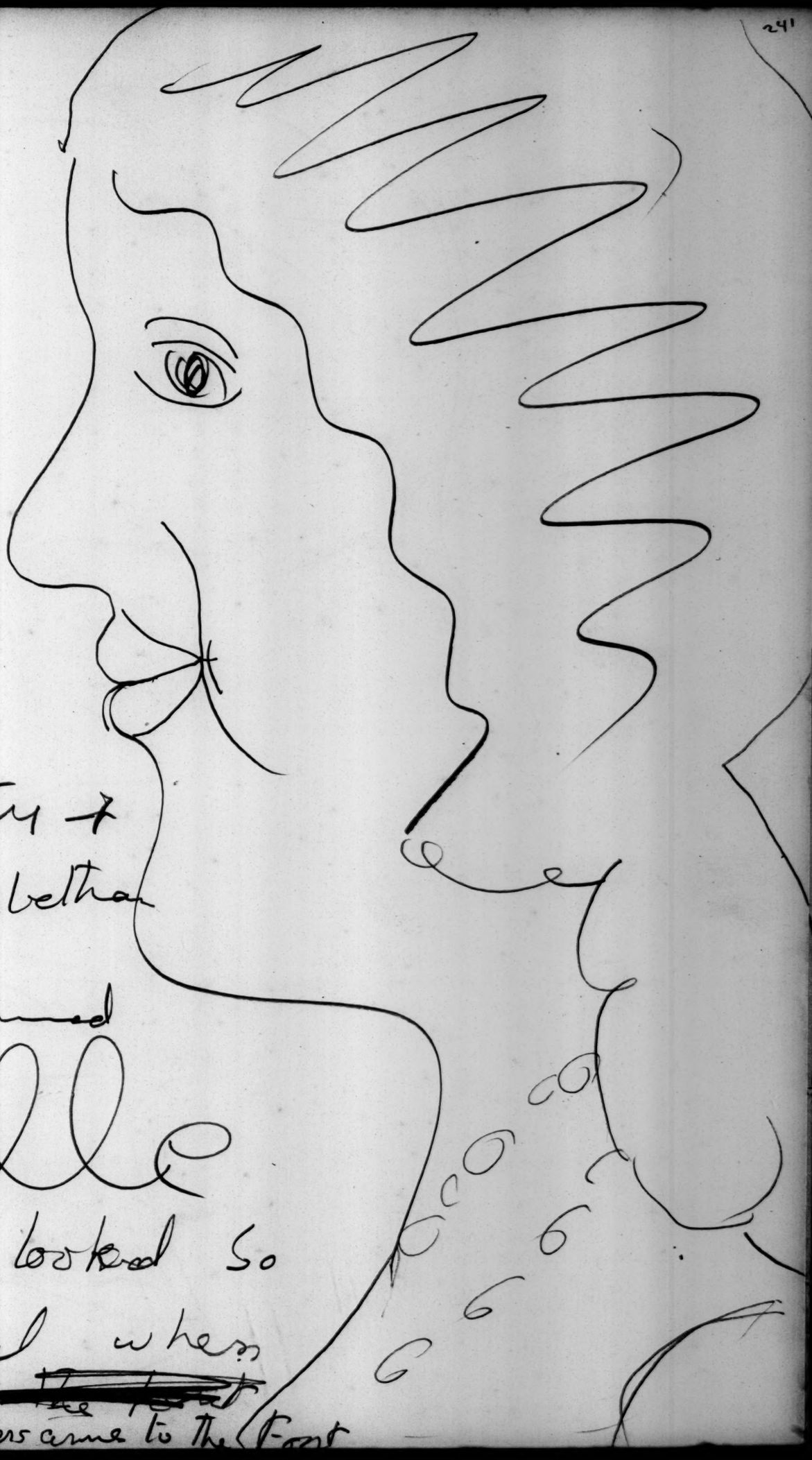
The sea kept up its level shimmer. But the day
broadened. The sun was rising. ~~The waves were~~
Bars of opal & green like on the shore, lighting
up the inlets of the old boat, making the sea
belly gleam blue as steel, & almost
piercing the thin worst waves spread fan-wise
on the beach. The woman who had ~~a~~
~~woman crouched~~ Light ~~sprinkled~~ the sea, as it
a girl ~~under the horizon,~~ crouched under the
horizon had shaken ~~out~~ the Jewels on her head — the
topaz & the aquamarine, the pale coloured the pearly coloured
Jewels, that ~~floated like water~~ with a shaft of
fire in them. all had been radiant. Sunk fading
Sunk changing ± from the white of death &
innocence, to something lustrous, as the fabulous
fabled when the rose lies in the breast of dawn.
Sun
Now, the girl crouched under the sea & her green
mother, rose, laid down her jewels, bared her
brows & with open eyes drove a straight pathway
over the sea-water. Her quivering mackerel
Phantasy was darkened; they waved themselves; they
heaved, as they rolled, ~~as~~ dank, heavy, as if this
~~The sea might be dark woods~~ like dips of water, traversed by
whales, ruled by shoals of silent fish.
In the garden, the trees
~~The trees white~~

NYPL

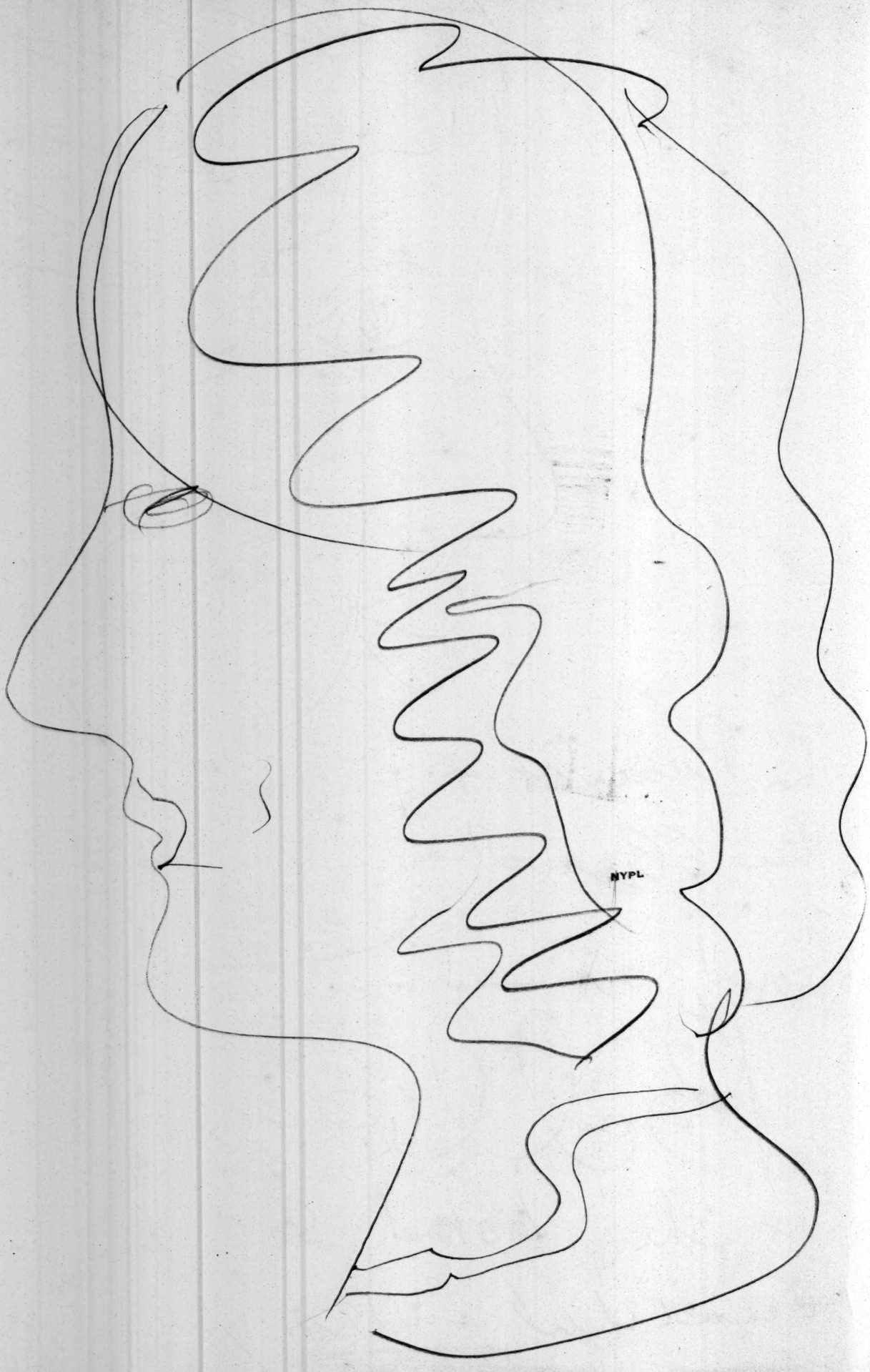
that had many ecclesiastically & theologically in the mist
in their life, on that bush, sang together in chorus, high
up, in concert, thrush & harp, now alone as if to the
pale blue sky, & yet curious of companionship.
They They were drawn together by fear, when the
black cat moved among the bushes, or the cook
threw cinders on the ash heap & rambled them. Fear
was in their song, & apprehension of pain, & joy too
to be matched instantly quickly now, at this
instant. They sang each other down in the clear
morning air;

4th Aug. 1930

NYPL



The Beauty of
the Elizabethan
Court, named
Belle
for she looked so
beautiful when
~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
carried in her mothers arms to the font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